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CONVENTION MUSINGS.

The political doings of the past fortnight would seem to provide a suitable occasion for a few reflections upon the relation between literature and life, or upon the revelations of national character which are made during seasons of excitement — both of which subjects come within the scope of a journal like ours. From a literary point of view, one of the two opposing chieftains in the factional republican struggle now happily past its first crisis may be regarded as a negligible quantity, whose writings are likely to be preserved only in some future edition of "Messages of the Presidents" — preserved and entombed, as is the fate of such compositions. But with the other the case is different. Not only is he the "contributing editor" to a popular organ of sterilized culture, but he is also an author of respectable rank, whose dozen or more volumes have rightfully earned for him the distinction of election to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, making him one of the Fifty whose names are (more or less) household words in circles where intellectual and artistic interests are held to be of importance. He illustrates, among other things, the danger, which ever lurks in the path of the politician, of expressing views in print which it is afterwards most inconvenient to have tactless persons recall for the purpose of refuting his latest set of opinions out of his own mouth. It must be indeed galling to a candidate for popular favor, after he has formulated and expressed the life-long convictions that are clearly demanded by the exigencies of his immediate political situation, to be confronted with quotations from his own books, in which diametrically opposite convictions are voiced with the same apparent fervor and sincerity.

Mr. Roosevelt has experienced this sort of discomfiture on many occasions, and has become an adept in the art of defending his own reversals of judgment, and making the worse appear the better reason when expediency counsels such a logical masquerade. A correspondent of the New York "Nation" has recently given him a fairly hard nut to crack, shaken from the tree of his earlier writings. The passage is from the life of Gouverneur Morris, who, we are told,

"Denounced with a fierce scorn that they richly merit,

the despicable demagogues and witless fools who teach that in all cases the voice of the majority must be implicitly obeyed, and that public men have only to carry out its will, and thus 'acknowledge themselves the willing instruments of folly and vice. They declare that, in order to please the people, they will, regardless alike of what conscience may dictate or reason approve, make the profligate sacrifice of public right on the altar of private interest. What more can be asked by the sternest tyrant of the most despicable slave? Creatures of this sort are the tools which usurpers employ in building despotism.' Sounder and truer maxims never were uttered."

The appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober which this citation prompts has now, however, to reckon with a conscience so elastic and a sophistry so barefaced that they dare attempt to justify such a shameless act as the rape of Colombia in defiance of every dictate of international good faith. The only plea ever made by the author of that outrage in its extenuation is that it was committed "to please the people." Those who are not satisfied with this plea or with its author's attempts to justify many another indefensible act or tortuous policy, have no need to echo the wish "that mine adversary had written a book." The books are there, for anyone to read, and they throw a most revealing light upon the workings of the opportunist mind to which principles are but playthings, or pretexts for the exercise of ingenious casuistry. The game is too easy in this case, for their author has himself furnished a running ironical commentary upon most of the incidents of his later career.

Literature provides many suggestive parallels to the words and acts of the now discomfited leader. The Homeric student will be reminded, here of Achilles sulking in his tent, there of Thersites and his railings. The satire of Juvenal and the indignation of Tacitus find in him a predestined mark. Milton supplies many apt texts, such as

> "The strongest and the fiercest spirit
> That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair,"

and

> "His form had not yet lost
> All her original brightness, nor appeared
> Less than archangel ruined,"

which seems to fit the leader's case; or these that might be applied to his frenzied supporters in the Convention:

> "The universal host upsent
> A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
> Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night,"

and

> "When night
> Darkens the street, then wander forth the sons
> Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

In the mouthings of Jack Cade, Shakespeare has limned the demagogue for all times, and Cade's declared purpose to hang all the lawyers is only a blunt way of stating the hatred of legal restraint which has been so ominous a feature of the recent agitation against the constitutional safeguards of order. Shelley's "Mask of Anarchy" yields the following stanza, which is not without its suggestiveness:

> "And he wore a kingly crown;
> And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
> On his brow this mark I saw —
> 'I am God, and King, and Law!'"

Perhaps the most apposite of all these literary parallels is that to be found in Dante's "Paradiso," where the poet is informed by Cacciaguida of the evil company into which he is destined to fall, and is told that he will be well-advised to become his own political party. "Of its bestiality, its own procedure will give the proof; so that it will be seemly for thee to have made thyself a party by thyself."

Turning from the aggressive personality which has been so conspicuously to the fore of late, and looking at the Convention turbulence as a revelation of national character, we are prompted to some grave reflections. After making a liberal allowance for the exuberance of youth and the ebullition of party feeling, after indulgently accounting for many distasteful happenings on the ground that a large section of the American public regards politics as a form of sport, and has no inclination to deal with it in a serious and sober fashion, there nevertheless remains a condition which should give pause to our optimism and lead us to a searching self-examination. Is it really necessary, even in a presidential year, that reason should abdicate almost altogether in favor of impulse and emotion? If we let ourselves go in this fashion too often, may we not some time be carried so far that our balance will be regained only at the terrible cost of bloodshed and the overthrow of social order? We got into that position half a century ago, and the results were appalling. Civilization at best is but a thin crust beneath which the primal forces of human nature — greed and passion — are seething in the effort to find vent. Whoever seeks to weaken that restraining shell has small appreciation of the forces that may be unloosed if it once breaks. We are at all times nearer than we think to

> "Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws."

The Anglo-Saxon peoples have ever prided themselves on their self-restraint upon critical occasions, and in their devotion to the principle

of "laws, not men" in the ordering of their political life. But the English people were rudely aroused from their pharisaical self-sufficiency by the ugly demonstrations of "mafficking," and who can say that, under a similar excitement, the American people would not lose their heads to even more disastrous effect? That "added drop of nervous fluid" which Colonel Higginson used to talk about as differentiating us from our English cousins may sometime prove a menace to our social stability. We already enjoy the international reputation of being a strikingly lawless community, and our statistics of homicide are so appalling that we cannot comtemplate them without hiding our heads in shame. The frenzied passions, the charges and counter-charges, and the contempt for law, that have characterized this Convention period have been deeply humiliating to all sober-minded Americans, who have felt like exclaiming "A plague on both your houses!" to the two political parties and to the two warring factions in each of them. The spectacle has not only been humiliating but ominous, and few can have failed to be reminded of the resemblance to the situation which a quarter of a century ago came near to overthrowing the French Republic in the interests of General Boulanger, and which sixty years ago witnessed its actual overthrow by a self-acclaimed "savior of society." Not a few of us have trembled at the possibility that this chapter of French history might be provided with a parallel in the history of our own republic.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE GENDER OF BOOKS is sometimes as marked as the gender of human beings. Some books have a masculine strength, and some a feminine grace and tenderness. "Daniel Deronda" and "Felix Holt" and "Jane Eyre," though written by women, are marked by virility rather than by femininity. "The Essays of Elia" and "Marius the Epicurean" do not fall in the class of rugged masculine books; no one would place them beside Borrow's "Lavengro," Burton's "Pilgrimage to Al-Madinah and Meccah," or Scott's Waverley novels. Certain studies, too, have the softness of the gentle sex rather than the hardness of the sterner one. Professor Earl Barnes, discoursing in the June "Atlantic" on "The Feminization of Culture," finds what seems to him rather disquieting evidence that our system of education is losing its virile qualities and becoming unduly feminine in character. He considers it "taken for granted that, in education, feminization means emphasis on languages, literature, and history, as opposed to mathematics, physics, chemistry, and civics." In general, the abstract presents itself to him in female garb, the concrete in male attire. The fine arts are, of course, feminine, the sciences masculine. Statistics from high schools and seminaries for the last two decades are examined by the writer, and he finds that the study of Latin, for example, has in that time increased fifteen per cent, French four per cent, German thirteen per cent, European history twenty-seven per cent, and English literature (since 1901) seven per cent. Physics, chemistry, physical geography, physiology, and civics have all fallen off at rates varying from three to fifteen per cent. "A careful study of these figures," he maintains, "must convince any fair-minded person that our school curriculum, even in the secondary field where women's control is least complete, is moving rapidly in the direction of what we have called feminization." Nevertheless, it is probable that not all his readers will allow their slumbers to be disturbed by this demonstration of tendencies in current culture. There is a grain of comfort in the fact that not even the difficulties of Latin have caused a decline in its vogue, nor the easiness of French greatly increased the popularity of Molière's tongue. Latin has gained fifteen per cent, and the rugged Teutonic tongue has gained thirteen. English literature, the "softest snap" of all, has advanced only four per cent in ten years. And even if the whole statistical showing were much more impressive than it is, cannot the finer qualities of manhood as well as the more admirable qualities of womanhood be nurtured on gentle studies? Must one study bridge-building and mining engineering in order to escape becoming a milksop or a mollycoddle? But perhaps the best reply to the alarmist is now being made by Minnesota, where more than fifty thousand persons are taking university extension courses, in which such masculine studies as sociology and economics are enjoying the highest favor.

* * *

BRINGING BOOKS TO BOOKLESS PEOPLE—to the dwellers in rural communities whose remoteness from public libraries deprives them almost wholly of library advantages—is just now a subject of very lively interest in the library world. It was the dominant theme at the Convention of County Librarians held in connection with the June meeting of the California State Library Association at Lake Tahoe. California has recently enacted some very good laws for systematic "library extension" work in that State through the agency of County Free Libraries, under whose direction books are sent to remote communities, very much as letters are sent there by the Rural Free Delivery. This system has now been on trial long enough to make the detailed reports of its practical operation, such as were presented at the Lake Tahoe conference, of special significance. The system is of course still in its experimental stages as to details and methods, but the intelligent and often enthusiastic reports of those who have been engaged in the work leave no room for doubt as to its gen-

eral success and its future importance as a branch of the general system of popular education in this country. Particularly telling, and often touching, were the instances related of the joy and gratitude of people living in remote mountain regions, to whom the arrival of a dozen books is an event in the life of a community whose hunger for books could hardly be met in any other way than by these periodical dispensations from the county library. It was noticeable at the Tahoe meeting, as at other recent gatherings of librarians, that problems of library administration received but scant attention, matters relating to the widening of the library's sphere and the extension of its benefits being clearly in the foreground. This was illustrated throughout the reports and discussions, and was the key-note of an excellent talk on the influence of museums and art-galleries as auxiliaries of the public library, by Mr. C. S. Greene, of the Free Public Library at Oakland.

* * *

A LITERARY EVENT of an unusual nature, and, in strict accuracy, more an athletic than a purely literary event, was the spirited contest, on Lincoln Field at Providence, between the forces of "The Brown Herald" and "The Brunonian," in a game of baseball, umpired by the president-elect of Amherst College, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, who with the close of the present academic year relinquishes his office of Dean at Brown University to assume the larger duties awaiting him at the sister institution in the Connecticut valley. His election to the Amherst presidency may itself be regarded as an event in the world of letters, so ardent a zeal has he shown for that form of learning which is something more than a mere vocational training or specialist's grind. Disapproving the increasing latitude of the elective system, which, he is said to have declared, has brought with it "educational chaos," he cannot but find himself heartily in accord with Amherst's spirit of reaction and of reversion to the older ideals of liberal culture. It was Dr. Meiklejohn who took the initiative in shaping the new course at Brown leading to the degree of bachelor of philosophy, a course which he tersely described as "a vigorous attempt to single out and to require the most significant and fundamental elements of human culture." Another quotable utterance from the same source, delivered in an address before the Brown alumni of Boston last year, will here be not out of order. "I have lately heard a correction of an old saying, 'You can drive a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.' 'No,' it was added, 'but you can make him thirsty.' Just so you can't force boys into learning, but if your zeal be hot enough you can develop a thirst. To do that is to win."

* * *

THE MYSTERIES OF LIBRARIANSHIP — let the word "mysteries" be here understood in its Greek sense — are probably mysteries indeed to the great general public, no large fraction of whom ever gets so far toward an initiation into them as to give them even a passing thought. Library administration, systems of cataloguing, shelf-listing, accessions-lists, charging systems, fixed location, decimal classification, all these and many other terms familiar to the initiated are vague or meaningless technicalities to those unversed in library science. Consequently a sentence or two from the current "Circular of Information" issued by the Library Training School of the Carnegie Library of Atlanta — one of our most active and enterprising institutions of the sort, despite its location in the sultry South — may have for the casual reader the charm at least of novelty. Under "Course of Study" it is announced that "especial attention is given to administrative work, including the study of plans for small buildings and the details of organization of new libraries continually springing up in this section." Also, "In addition to the strictly technical subjects the course includes the study of the English novel, tracing its sources; the appraisal of fiction, English and foreign; the survey of the library field, enabling the students to keep pace with the leading movements of the library world; field work, consisting of visits of observation to other libraries; and the history of printing." Almost a liberal education is here outlined, one would say, and not simply a narrow technical training out of touch with the warm and living interests of humanity at large.

* * *

THE CAUSE OF CULTURE IN THE SOUTH has of late received much encouraging support, both moral and material. Conspicuous among recent gifts of money is the fund of a quarter-million dollars voted by the General Education Board to the George Peabody College for Teachers, at Nashville, in memory of the life and work of the late Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, the organizer of coöperative demonstration work, the promoter of boys' corn clubs and girls' canning clubs, the successful fighter against the boll weevil, and the advocate of diversified farming, deeper ploughing, and increased stock-raising. This same Teachers' College, which is the successor to the Peabody Normal College, but planned on a larger scale, has lately received one million dollars from the Peabody Educational Fund, and other considerable gifts from the state, the county, and the city in which it is situated. Also, the trustees of the Peabody Fund, who have voted "to close the Trust and to distribute the moneys remaining in their hands," have offered to endow the College with an additional gift of half a million dollars, provided that before November 1, 1913, the College raise the further sum of one million dollars. The graduates themselves, teachers earning salaries that average not over four hundred dollars a year, have pledged themselves to raise a fifth part of this required million, but for the remaining four-fifths the wealthier friends of Southern education are asked and expected to open their purses. A "Statement and Appeal," signed by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate and the Hon. Samuel A. Green for the Trustees of the Peabody Educational Fund, invites subscriptions, and requests that all communications

be addressed to James C. Bradford, Chairman Executive Committee, George Peabody School for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee.

. . .

THE SCHOLAR'S CONSCIENCE ought to be peculiarly sensitive, inasmuch as he, far more than the unthinking, uncritical, carelessly observing person, has abundant opportunity to learn from his studies how futile and foolish in the long run are all evasions of either intellectual or moral truth, all dishonorable subterfuges, all attempted short-cuts to the good things of life. And yet we who use public libraries know that we have among us not a few book-thieves who pass in the world as persons of liberal culture. Even the highly-educated and intellectually-accomplished biblioklept is not unknown. On the open shelves near the centre desk in Bates Hall, at the Boston Public Library, are temporarily displayed the more recent accessions in literature of a more serious and scholarly character than the average reader is interested in; and to these shelves resort each day the serious and the bespectacled students whom such a display naturally attracts. But, as is regretfully recorded in the library's latest Report, "the loss of books by theft from these shelves, affecting as it does new books, just published and in active demand, has become so great that, in the public interest, a new arrangement with some limitation upon freedom of access is required. It is proposed to place such books upon guarded shelving in the delivery room, immediately under the control of an attendant, to permit anyone to examine them upon request, but to require the use of a call slip before they can be removed to the reading tables." Not even the soothing conjecture that these thefts have been mostly effected by the unscholarly for purposes of pecuniary gain is tenable, since the perforated stamp and other marks of ownership make the books difficult of sale. It must be sadly admitted that a love of good literature is not incompatible with schemes for its unlawful acquisition.

. . .

AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION LAUNCHED WITH A WARNING to the public to think twice before patronizing it would seem destined, according to the theories of our modern promoters, to a short and circumscribed career. Yet Mount Holyoke College, which plans to celebrate in October next the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding, was first advertised on a strictly look-before-you-leap basis. In a pink-covered pamphlet that bears the imprint of South Hadley, 1835, Mary Lyon wrote: "It is very desirable that friends of this cause should carefully consider the real design of founding this institution before they use their influence to induce any of their friends and acquaintances to avail themselves of its privileges." "Harmless cumberers of the ground" were notified that they would be *persona non grata* in the new type of woman's school. It was "to meet public, not private, wants"; to send forth women "to exert power over society which cannot be exerted by mere goodness without intellectual strength." Such a type of school appears to have required a good deal of explanation to make the idea of it intelligible to the public of 1837. So perhaps its hard-headed builder did well to fling out warning rather than inducement. Otherwise the young Mount Holyoke might have been swamped under a rush of utterly unfit students; and the educational world, instead of gathering in October to honor this first small beginning of colleges for women, would pass heedlessly over the grave of another idea born too soon.

. . .

THE SHY "HOMER OF THE INSECTS," as the author of "The Life of the Bee" and "The Blue Bird" has called the nonagenarian French naturalist, M. J. Henri Fabre, whom Mr. Frank Harris has styled "the wisest man and certainly the best read in the books of nature of whom the centuries have left us any record," is likely soon to become better known than at present to the English-reading world through the issue of a complete edition, in our language, of his fascinating "Entomological Memories." A nonagenarian he is not quite yet, to be accurate, for he was born in 1823, but the indications point encouragingly to his attainment of that and even of a riper age. The story of his lowly birth, of his long struggle with poverty before he could devote himself to his beloved insects, of his shyness and his panic-fear of public recognition, and of his warm attachment to his native Provence, rivals in interest anything that his own gifted pen has produced. His life, like all great and noble lives, has had its keen disappointments, its crushing sorrows. In his struggle to win the independence that should leave him at liberty to pursue his chosen studies, he was once on the verge of an important invention that promised him a handsome fortune. He had perfected a process for extracting dye from the madder, a factory was being built, and an assured income seemed all but within his grasp, when a heartless chemist discovered a cheap artificial substitute for the natural dye, and all the high hopes of the entomologist fell to the ground—and thus was wrought, it may be, a fortunate deliverance from the clutch of commerce.

. . .

A GREEK PLAY IN THE OPEN AIR, after the manner of the ancients, was one of the commencement events of the season. The young ladies of Rosemary Hall, at Greenwich, Connecticut, presented the "Alcestis" of Euripides, in Mr. Arthur S. Way's excellent metrical version, under the trees of the school orchard, and, let us imagine, to the accompaniment of the feathered musicians there having their abode. Not the least interesting feature of the entertainment was the devotion of the pecuniary proceeds to the newly-planned Connecticut College for Women. The recent exclusion of women from Wesleyan University (at Middletown) has made it necessary for Connecticut girls desiring a college education to seek it beyond the borders of the Nutmeg State. Agitation for a girls' college within these borders was started by certain Hartford women of light and leading, and ere long the movement spread

over the commonwealth until New London felt prompted to offer a site for such a college, with a grant of fifty thousand dollars. Acceptance of this generosity was not slow to follow, and then Mr. Morton F. Plant contributed a handsome endowment fund of a million dollars. A commensurate building fund is now the crying need, and it was to help raise this that the Greek play was presented by the students of Rosemary Hall.

* * *

WELL-EARNED ACADEMIC HONORS TO MEN OF LETTERS are to be noted as one glances over the season's list of degrees conferred; and no one has more richly deserved the decorative letters indicating such honors than Mr. Howells, who is now entitled to write "L.H.D. (Princeton)" after his name. "The dean of the guild of belles-lettres in America" is Princeton's appropriate designation of the distinguished author. No less appropriately it characterizes Dr. James Ford Rhodes as "our first living American political historian," and emphasizes the characterization by making him a doctor of laws. Of course in both these instances this is a betitling of the already much-betitled, and one is reminded of the witty rejoinder of another eminent man of letters (our foremost Shakespeare scholar, to be more definite) who, on having his attention called to the fact that he was decorated with about all the coveted academic initials in vogue, but was not yet a D.D., instantly replied: "Oh, I am that too; I'm d——d deaf"—a rejoinder to which the ear-trumpet, carried now for some weary decades by the speaker, gave manifest point.

* * *

A NORMAL COURSE IN LIBRARY TRAINING is announced as a new departure at the Pratt Institute School of Library Science. The purpose of the course, which will first be offered in 1912–13, is "to prepare students to teach in library schools, to take charge of training classes or school departments in public library systems, and for librarianship in normal schools or other educational institutions where courses in library science are given. The experience of those who have had to seek trained library workers who are also qualified to teach library science shows that the required combination of qualifications is extremely difficult to find among the members of the profession. Furthermore, there is an increasing number of positions to be filled due to the development of library schools and the growing demand for trained service in all libraries." A descriptive outline of the course is issued by the school.

* * *

ONE WAY TO ADVERTISE A PUBLIC LIBRARY, a way that will not have occurred to all librarians, comes to our attention in turning the interesting pages of the "Minnesota Library Commission Library Notes and News." In the June number a news item from Owatonna reports that "the librarian has been doing some effective work in advertising the library throughout the county. One of the ministers at Deerfield devoted a Sunday sermon to the Library and its work, and distributed the leaflets 'Don't be a quitter.'" The library and the school are becoming every day more closely and usefully affiliated; why, then, may not the library and the church join forces, wherever practicable and as opportunity presents itself, in the work of mental and moral uplift?

COMMUNICATION.

SHAKESPEARE IN JAPANESE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

One evidence of the universality of the genius of Shakespeare is to be found in the fact that his dramas are translated into so many different languages all over the world. This is true not only of the Indo-European tongues that are so nearly related to the English, but also of Semitic and Turanian languages that are not thus closely related to our own. It seems to be an axiom that Shakespeare put into expression the common universal human feelings, which can be translated from one language to another without great difficulty.

This is not saying that literal translation is possible. It is, of course, necessary to adapt more or less, according to circumstances,— to cut out, to add, to explain. Absolutely literal word-for-word translations are much less in vogue than formerly; it is not the form, but the spirit, that is important. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

This is the sort of translation of Shakespeare that Dr. Tsubouchi is giving to the Japanese. He is himself a fine Shakespearean scholar, sensitive and appreciative; and he seems to know how to interest others, for his lectures on Shakespeare at Waseda University are so popular that students scarcely have standing room.

Dr. Tsubouchi has recently published his fourth translation of a Shakespearean drama. The first three were "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Romeo and Juliet"; and the fourth is "King Lear." He has also translated portions of other plays, such as "The Tempest," "The Merchant of Venice," etc. We have often thought that the Japanese would take naturally to "King Lear," because the motive of filial piety is so strong in Japan and other countries of the Orient. We have doubted whether "Romeo and Juliet" would be successful here, unless the sentimental love-scenes were toned down and modified considerably on the stage.

It has been suggested, not without reason, that, "as Japan has so recently emerged from the feudal age," "the modern Japanese can understand the spirit of Elizabeth's time better even than the present-day people of England." The same writer also says: "That Shakespeare has taken deep root in the dramatic soil of Japan is evidenced by the remarkable interest that has recently been shown in the great English dramatist." The court scene in "The Merchant of Venice" is one in which Japanese actors feel not a little at home, partly on account of the formalities demanded by the occasion. And a man in Portia's part as a lawyer is not out of place!

It is pleasant to be able to add, in conclusion, that the work of Dr. Tsubouchi meets with suitable recognition. The newly organized Institute of Literature and Arts made its very first award, in the forms of a diploma, a bronze medal, and the sum of 2,200 yen ($1,100), to this great Shakespearean scholar.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Tokyo, Japan, June 4, 1912.

The New Books.

"The People's Attorney."*

But for the fact that Henry Demarest Lloyd was not yet born when the words were uttered, Emerson might have had him in mind when he said: "The face which character wears to me is self-sufficingness. I revere the person who has riches; so that I cannot think of him as alone, or poor, or exiled, or unhappy, or a client, but as perpetual patron, benefactor, and beatified man."

In her life of her brother, now, nearly nine years after his too-early death, issued in two handsome volumes, a beautifully appreciative and in every way worthy tribute to his memory, his sister draws with the hand of sympathy and affection the noble outlines and the lovable traits of a character such as might well prompt one to exclaim, paraphrasing the old poet, "He had his faults, perhaps; I wish I had them too!" In his biographer's words, "his personality was happily so proper an expression of his spirit that men and women loved him at first sight. Some who saw him only once spoke of him ever after with a kind of exaltation. Many loved him who never saw him, as one who said, 'I never had the unspeakable joy of looking upon his face.'"

Mr. Lloyd was born May 1, 1847, the first child of Aaron Lloyd, minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, and Maria Christie Demarest. It was at the home of his mother's father, David Demarest, in Sixth Avenue, New York, that he achieved his entrance into the world, and in that city most of his early life was passed. There he went to school and college, and there he prepared himself for the practice of the law. His father, having no pulpit at the time, had tried to make a living as a bookseller, starting an "Olde Booke Store" in Nassau Street, and afterward removing to busier Broadway. But it was a hard fight, and the boys of the family had to work their own way in large part. The Mercantile Library gave them employment out of school-hours, and at the same time ministered to their love of reading. A scholarship at Columbia, with the earnings of his hours snatched from study, enabled Henry to finish his academic and his legal education, after which journalism, book-writing, reform movements, and other interests of a nature to appeal to one so generously devoted to the good of humanity, engrossed his attention and left him little time or inclination for the narrower field of the law. In fact, his "first case," as he called it, did not come to him until 1902, when the anthracite coal miners' strike enlisted his sympathies and he took part in the proceedings of the arbitration court at Scranton. His work as a journalist, largely as a writer of editorials on questions of the day, began in New York, but was continued in Chicago from the autumn of 1872, when he formed a connection with the "Tribune" of that city, beginning as a paragraph-writer, then being placed in charge of the literary department, and before many years rising to the dignity of leader-writer.

But the things for which he will long be remembered are the unpaid and at the time too little appreciated services rendered to his fellowmen wherever they were seen to be in need of an eloquent and fearless advocate and champion. The Pullman strikers, the Spring Valley miners, the so-called anarchists of the Haymarket tragedy of 1886, the struggling People's Party of a few years later, the workers for municipal ownership of public utilities, these and other fighters found in him a valiant leader whose utter disregard of his own personal interests is illustrated by his cheerfully risking the loss of fortune and the estrangement of friends which did not fail to follow upon his defense of the unfortunate men who suffered capital punishment because of the explosion of a bomb thrown by an unknown hand. It was impossible for him not to take sides with the under dog; and Mrs. Lloyd was always with him, heart and soul. When the probability of her father's extreme displeasure at her husband's course was pointed out to her, she replied: "Do you suppose that any such consideration will stop Henry Lloyd from doing what he believes is right?" The warning, as appeared later, was no idle one.

"In conseqence of their course, the Lloyds suffered the loss of fortune. Between Henry Lloyd and his father-in-law there had always existed sincere respect and affection which made this honest difference all the more painful. Mr. Bross declared that Mr. Lloyd had disgraced the family. The ample fortune was entailed to the grandchildren, and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd were not entrusted with the guardianship nor the care of the property of their children, a sting even more keen than the financial loss."

In connection with Mr. Lloyd's early and ardent espousal of the cause of labor, of the right of laborers to organize for mutual defense, it is worth while to quote here a few words defining his position as a peaceful but uncompromising trades-unionist, or labor-unionist. To

*Henry Demarest Lloyd, 1847-1903. A Biography. By Caro Lloyd. With an Introduction by Charles Edward Russell. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

him, says his biographer, "the labor movement was not a movement of hate, but of love." In his own words:

"It pities the man who can stand at the helm of any of the great concerns of modern industrial life, made possible only by the countless efforts, loyalty, and genius of thousands of his fellow men living and dead, and say, 'This is my business.' It says to him, 'This is not your business, not my business. It is our business.' . . . It pities him as robbing himself of the greatest joys and triumphs of leadership. It seeks to lift him from the low level of selfish and cruel millionairism to that of a general of great coöperative hosts of industrial brothers."

Probably there are many among Mr. Lloyd's warmest admirers who would hesitate to go all the way with him in his enthusiastic championship of the cause of labor. In defending the sympathetic strike he draws illustrations, or analogies, from history, and puts the case thus:

"Americans cannot forget that America is free from Great Britain because France ordered a sympathetic strike. The negro is free because of the sympathetic strike of the North. What greater love hath any man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend? The sympathetic strike in a good cause is orthodox Christianity in action."

Following the successive events in Mr. Lloyd's strenuous advocacy of the people's rights, an advocacy that earned him his self-bestowed title of "the people's attorney," one is likely to receive the impression that he lived in an unusually troubled time. The financial panic of 1873 was followed by distress and unrest among the laboring classes. The year 1877 was so marked by the occurrence of strikes that at one time no fewer than ten governors were calling for national troops to suppress disorder. We are inclined to regard the present period as one of unprecedented discontent and turmoil, and unquestionably there is reason for grave apprehension unless the growing antagonism between capital and labor can be softened and the selfish greed of millionairedom be made to listen to reason; but even in the "good old days" there were problems of this sort in plenty, as the book under review makes abundantly evident. From a chapter devoted to the late Governor Altgeld, a cordial friend and admirer of Mr. Lloyd, a short passage of the latter's writing calls for insertion here.

"I was an eye-witness of Governor Altgeld's conduct during the great Pullman strike of 1894. . . . I spent a number of hours with him at the most critical point of those eventful July days. Almost universally the American desires to treat even a political opponent with fairness and trust, however sharply he may criticise his opinions and actions. Not one of those who are so volubly joining in the fashionable denunciation of Governor Altgeld on account of what they believe, upon information at second hand, to have been his attitude and behavior at that time would indulge in this hue and cry if they knew the facts."

The facts which the writer of the foregoing is able to cite in refutation of the familiar charges against Altgeld are nothing short of convincing, and they cannot but leave the reader with a deep sense of the injustice suffered by one placed in a difficult public position, and with a feeling of admiration for the staunch friend who hastened to his defense.

Concerning Mr. Lloyd's best-known piece of writing, the fraud-exposing, greed-condemning "Wealth against Commonwealth," there is here but little space to write. The sensation its appearance made is partly described in the following:

"From all parts of the land there now came to him the warm response from an unknown host whose eyes had never looked into his. Into the study where he had wrestled with his task, there came words of blessing, gratitude, courage from men whose ideals rose to meet his own. He began to feel the beat of the people's hearts. He woke to find his self-controlled method of recital producing the most startling effects. Men read the book with the same absorbing interest which as boys they gave to pirate stories. So exciting was it that they could read only a little at a time. . . . On all sides was echoed Edward Everett Hale's verdict, that it was an epoch-making book, an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of the labor movement. . . . It startled many Americans out of that comfortable assurance that, having the franchise, their liberties were secure. To lawyers it was particularly convincing. Ministers and writers preached and wrote upon it, thrilled with a sense of the peril before the Republic. Robert Louis Stevenson decided to found a novel upon its disclosures. John Burroughs said that after an hour's reading he was so angry that he 'had to go out and kick stumps.' Those indeed were days when good men swore and even a minister confessed that he threw down the book and cried, 'Damn those rascals.'"

In illustration of the personal charm of this noble champion of the right who wore himself out at the age of fifty-six, and whose full tale of good works cannot here be even epitomized, many passages might be quoted from the biography; but one must suffice.

"He himself, free from the restraint of the public ear, lavishly gave his thought however radical and his hopes however lofty or shy. His talk was brilliant and fascinating, full of startling prophecy, firm in its convictions; it was now hard as steel, and now tender. It seethed with indignation. It touched earth, firm-footed, and again it soared, in a creative flight, far off into theory. It was interesting to see him throw out the line of a theory tentatively, so that he might watch its impression on various minds, testing its value, even prankishly seeing how near he could come to the quick of his hearer's prejudices, tickling the talk, as it were. All was moreover touched with wit and suffused with grace and courtesy. Like Emerson's wise man he went to this game of conversation 'to play upon others and to be played upon.'"

The vehemence and ardor of the man are reflected, in a curiously interesting way, in certain verbal short-cuts that arrest the attention in reading such passages from his writings as the book contains. The verb "revolute" is expeditiously formed by him from the noun "revolution," and he uses the very convenient and self-explanatory "ambiguify."

The biographer has done her work well, drawing upon many and sometimes not easily accessible sources for her rich store of information concerning the varied activities of her gifted brother. The illustrations are numerous and always closely related to the reading matter. Mr. Charles Edward Russell's introductory words help to illuminate the character portrayed in the chapters that follow. Appended matter, including a chronological list, necessarily incomplete but of surprising length, of Mr. Lloyd's writings, fills nearly forty pages, and is followed by a full index.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

OSCAR WILDE CRITICALLY STUDIED.*

Modern literary criticism loves the exception. It delights in types like Wilde and Verlaine; it is fond of flaunting its romantic individualism in a large contempt of prejudice. And being individualistic, it devotes itself all the more willingly to subjects in which a truly impartial attitude is to-day quite beyond our grasp.

Thus Mr. Arthur Ransome follows up his work on Poe with "a critical study" of Oscar Wilde. The book is really an essay in biographical interpretation. No man's work, as Mr. Ransome reminds us in his introductory chapter, can be treated as a mere disembodied result; and, in the case of Wilde, "whose books are the by-products of a life more important than they in his own eyes," a biographical criticism is "not only legitimate but necessary." The method is none the less most discreetly employed: a spirit of moderation characterizes, in the main, this study of one who, in spite of his life, has a certain importance in the history of contemporary literature.

For the present influence of Wilde is beyond question. "He has been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Yiddish, Polish, and Russian." (The statement probably refers to separate works, possibly only to "Salomé.") In his own country, says Mr. Ransome, "he left no form of literature exactly as he found it. He brought back to the English stage a spirit of comedy that had been for many years in mourning. He showed both in practice and in theory the possibilities of creation open to the critic. He found a new use for dialogue, and brought to England a new variety of the novel." And so the volume takes up, one after the other, Wilde's various phases of literary activity, interpreting them by such reference to his life as the subject demands.

The Poems receive a rather extended treatment. To be sure they constitute a literary *début*, and every critic must take account of origins. Wilde's origins were numerous: his verses echo nearly every poet whose note impressed his ear. Mere lyric exercises these, according to Mr. Ransome,—a parodic imitation which is in itself a form of criticism. But he overlooks the deeper significance of all this open plagiary, which makes Wilde's poetry a summary of the poetic tendencies of his age. Beneath all this epiphytic verse we see no mere literary discipline, but a real inability to derive poetic impulse or inspiration from life untouched by art.

An unemotional temperament, I believe, we must surely call Wilde, in spite of his sensuousness and his sensuality. Possibly the latter was the direct result of his frenzied search for emotion, which we may note, even in these early poems, turning him from the delights of the pagan world to the no less sensuous mysticism of his Catholic verses. However that may be, we shall all agree with Mr. Ransome that this "youthful" volume of poems is "too immediate an attempt to turn life into literature." It has suggested to others, as to him, that its author has now and again "tried to make life simply for the purpose of transcribing it." But did he ever quite outlive this characteristic?

Those who doubt it may point to his "æsthetic" period. Shades of John Ruskin! It appears that Wilde was sent to America, not primarily to lecture, but to ensure the success of "Patience" by giving the Americans a specimen of the genus æsthete to illustrate the satire of the opera. Like Gautier in the thirties, Wilde at this time was already famous for his eccentricities of dress — his velveteen knee-breeches and his lace-trimmed shirts. So he came to America, and filled thereby his ever-gaping pockets. That accomplished, "tired of prophecy and ready to take a part in a new play," he went to Paris, where he imitated Balzac down to his dressing-gown and jewel-set cane. The result of this visit was that Elizabethan pastiche, "The Duchess of Padua," and "The Sphinx," a "rare

* OSCAR WILDE. A Critical Study. By Arthur Ransome. With portrait. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

incantation," perhaps, but one which certainly contains a deal of Romantic rigmarole.

Was it Flaubert, Hérédia, or Huysmans who inspired this curious production, wherein one can scarcely see the poem for the words? Mr. Ransome does not tell us. So we must leave "The Sphinx" and follow Wilde back to London — an unintentional expatriate to whom Providence had denied the boon of a Gallic nativity. Brought home by an empty purse, he resumes his lecturing, marries, becomes a book-reviewer, and edits "The Woman's World," gaining from all this journalistic work a lighter touch and a number of good paragraphs for which he will find a further use in his later books. He writes a few rather mediocre stories, imitates Hans Christian Andersen in "The Happy Prince" and "A House of Pomegranates," but imitates him with pen tempered in the far richer diction of Gautier and Flaubert. Decorative prose — that is his new experiment, just as in "The Sphinx" he had anglicized decorative verse. And when, several years later, Wilde wrote "The Picture of Dorian Gray," he calls it frankly "an essay on decorative art," a book which "reacts against the brutality of plain realism."

Certainly "Dorian Gray" is not realistic. Yet it is modelled upon a Gallic type, probably "A Rebours," and constitutes "the first French novel to be written in the English language." We can allow this, if the phrase be limited to a certain kind of modern novel. Not all of our contemporary French fiction, however, is of the type of "Dorian Gray."

But we have outstripped our chronology. We must turn from this curious book, disregarding, as our critic does, its pathological significance, and take up Wilde's work in literary criticism, which also derived much from his journalistic period. Half story, half essay, "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." may serve as a transition. And, like "Dorian Gray," the story has its biographical value; in none of his work can Wilde keep from self-portrayal. In another essay he defends Wainewright the murderer, perhaps with a prophetic intuition of his own destiny; and then, in "The Decay of Lying" and "The Critic as Artist," he brings together his decadent Socrates and Alcibiades, the brilliant sophist and the languid disciple of these essays in dialogue.

Here, says Mr. Ransome, we find "the dominant mood of his life"; herein best of all may we taste "that elixir of intellectual vitality that he royally spilled over his conversation." This is probably true; at any rate these essays give us his whole æsthetic and literary theory. Criticism, for Wilde, means "the delicate adventures of the intellect," precisely the attitude of Monsieur Anatole France, whose charming essays in dilettanteism had already begun to appear in "Le Temps" two years before. The fact might well be added to Mr. Ransome's enumeration of Wilde's French models. Furthermore, not only did Anatole France provide Wilde the critic with a theory, but his "Thaïs" gave Wilde the dramatist the plot of "La Sainte Courtisane."

For in the drama, as elsewhere, this genius was not "unready to work with *bouts-rimés*." He knew the favorite characters of the French stage as well as the British, and he used them. Wilde was no respecter of *dramatis personæ*. Of these characters he made mouth-pieces for his epigrams; once more he finds a use for the puns that rose so readily to his Irish lips. Into these stage dialogues go all the paradoxes of his other works; and when one notes the frequency of these repetitions, one is tempted to doubt the vitality of that conversational "elixir." Certainly "The Importance of Being Earnest" has little of the intellectual element in its laughter. Best of the comedies, because of its consistent triviality, across the footlights it produces the aching cheeks of farce.

All this makes it hard to place "Salomé." Mr. Ransome connects the play with the two early tragedies; and reminds us that if Wilde was a jester for love of money and popularity, he always preferred to think of himself as "a person with magnificent dreams." Maeterlinck, too, was dreaming in drama just then, and many of the qualities of that expression passed by some mysterious influence into Wilde's production. That fact may even account for its being written in French, as the most immediate vehicle of its morbid symbolism. In any case, "Salomé" was not written in that language for Bernhardt, but only offered to the divine Sarah when she asked Wilde for a play. Three French authors, it appears, had a hand in the revision of the text, the final touches being given by Pierre Louys.

But before "Salomé" was presented, Wilde's own life-drama had reached its climax, and he was serving a two-year sentence in Reading Gaol. Here he came into contact with physical pain, rebelled, and then yielded to its teaching, casting up accounts with himself in the introspective pages of "De Profundis." Not that the book had any continuous practical relation to his life afterwards. No, it is a pure piece of artistic feeling, vivified by the emotional unity that pain

alone can give a nature such as Wilde's. "Repentance like that in 'De Profundis,'" observes Mr. Ransome, "is a guarantee of a moment of humility, but not of a life of reform." And once out of prison, he soon became a mere straw in the current of events, having lost once and forever "his power of turning life into tapestry."

It is a different Wilde that we have now, not a reformed one. The difference appears in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Within the prison walls he could still dream, as he did in "De Profundis," of what his life to come might be; now at last he knew what it was. It was a rude awakening, and the violence of the ballad does but reflect it. This delicate artist, this dilettante of emotion, has come into contact with pain, with a reality so harsh as to tear from him the cry of Marsyas. And so the decorative mood gives way to realism, a realism which is only partially obscured by the completion of the ballad in a more "artistic" mood. The result is interesting, because it shows Wilde's art for once deficient in unity. Thoroughly artificial in his conception of literature, a real emotion has almost shattered his lyre.

Mr. Ransome, it must be said, does not go so far as this. He is quite impressed with the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and pursues a long digression on what he calls "kinetic" and "potential" literature, which those interested in æsthetic theory may best peruse in his own words. They may also read his "After Thought," with its discussion of Wilde's prose, of his love of admiration, and his virtuosity. "He leaves three things behind him," says Mr. Ransome, "his legend, his conversation, and his works. . . . Much of his work fails; much of it has already faded, but 'Intentions,' 'The Sphinx,' 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol,' 'Salomé,' 'The Importance of Being Earnest,' one or two of the fairy tales, and 'De Profundis,' are surely enough with which to challenge the attention of posterity."

The attention of posterity! Perhaps, if we take the word in its most immediate connotation. But for all but the greatest art there is no posterity, unless we consider the handful of scholars and writers of doctors' theses who alone concern themselves with the secondary works of a bygone age. Wilde has his part in literary history as a precursor, but to believe that another century will occupy itself with him requires strong faith. He has no message for which he will be remembered, unless it be the one essay which is so exploited by advancing socialism. He has artistic qualities, indeed; he has beauties of style, but no style fades more quickly than one which is inspired by a pure love of decoration.

The man, of course, will continue to have his interest for the pathologist, for the student of literary types, for the morbidly romantic person. "Some day it will be possible to write of him," asserts Mr. Ransome, "with the ecstatic acquiescence that Nietzsche calls *Amor Fati*, as we write of Cæsar Borgia sinning in purple, Cleopatra sinning in gold, and Roberto Greene hastening his end by drab iniquity and gray repentance." The gods preserve us from all such ecstasy, no matter what the color-scheme! Various and changeable as moral codes have been and may be, the virtue of self-control must always remain at least a distinction.

Possibly this is a narrow attitude. I have said that it is altogether too soon to claim impartiality; one can only state one's personal view. But as a critic of life and an exponent of a new "philosophy" of conduct, we have the right to adopt a personal standpoint toward Wilde. As a representative of the last phase of a decadent Romanticism, its cult of sentiment transformed to a mere worship of sense and sense-impressions in themselves, we have the right to confront his theories with his life. As a socialist, an individualist, an intellectual dilettante without a concept of the social function of art, we have every right to judge him. And however a sentimental or "æsthetic" liberal may bring himself to disregard the life of this gifted degenerate, he cannot obscure the fact that Oscar Wilde, with his poses and his follies, has done more than any other writer to degrade the adjective "artistic," and to further the growing contempt of the workaday world for art.

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

WOMAN AND ECONOMICS.*

If, by some miracle, we were suddenly to become alive to the fact that ours is an organic society, pervaded by organic needs and common purposes,—if our phrases, "the public interest" and "the social welfare," were suddenly to become imbued with real meaning,—an extraordi-

*FATIGUE AND EFFICIENCY. By Josephine Goldmark. Russell Sage Foundation Publications. New York: Charities Publication Committee.

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET. By Sue Ainslie Clark and Edith Wyatt. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

SALESWOMEN IN MERCANTILE STORES. By Elizabeth Beardsley Butler. Russell Sage Foundation Publications. New York: Charities Publication Committee.

THE WOMEN OF TO-MORROW. By William Hard. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

nary shifting would no doubt take place among the objects at the focus of our attention. It is needless to specify the public issues that would be crowded toward the extreme margin of our field of vision; among those that would continue to force themselves upon us insistently and painfully is that of the conservation of our human resources. Are we certain that our human resources are not going the way of our forests, the native fertility of our soils, our mineral wealth,—exploited in haste and waste? It is obvious enough that our industrial system draws largely upon human energy stored up under different conditions of life. Our own farms and villages, the rural districts of European countries, have provided us with an indispensable part of our industrial labor supply. How are we using this source of our power?

We know that among the waste products of our industry — along with tailings, slag, and culm heaps — are great numbers of men, women, and children with warped bodies and shattered nerves, with dulled intelligence and blunted morals, victims of the racking strain of the machine process. We know that great numbers are chronically underfed, wretchedly housed and clad. We know that the overstrain and the underpayment rest especially heavily upon women, to whom, we are wont gallantly to assert, is entrusted the destiny of the next generation. These things we all know, but our knowledge is of a vague and abstract character, ill calculated to arouse us to action. Fortunately there is now a group of valiant men and women who have undertaken the gigantic task of making concrete our knowledge of the human aspect of industrialism. Of this group the writers whose books are here under review deserve to rank as honored members.

The point upon which Miss Goldmark lays chief emphasis in her work on "Fatigue and Efficiency" is the fatigue from which industrial workers suffer. Everyone who has lived in a factory town has observed that large classes of workers, especially women and girls, appear excessively weary, not merely at the end of the day, but often at its beginning. Observers of optimistic temperament usually assume that this is merely an incident to adjustment to the work, or a result of the strain of seasonal labor, soon to be relaxed by the approach of dull seasons. Miss Goldmark places the facts of overwork and overstrain in a new light through an analysis of laboratory studies in the problem of fatigue. The phenomena of fatigue, the physiologists tell us, are phenomena of poisoning. Long continued exertion produces various toxins that must be removed by complete rest, on pain of serious disturbance of all organic functions. A working population whose periods of rest are insufficient to remove the toxins of fatigue generated in its working periods is a population suffering under chronic poisoning. The resistance of such a population to general infections is lowered in a marked degree. Such evidence as we have, though fragmentary, indicates pretty clearly that the morbidity rate is higher among industrial workers than among other classes of the same age-groups. It also indicates that the morbidity rate is especially high among women engaged in industry. It is no doubt the deterioration of the general health of women industrial workers that is largely responsible for the frightful infant mortality of some of our textile towns. In Lowell, for example, out of 1000 children born, 231 die under one year of age. New York City, not over-merciful to its children, destroys only 125.

We cannot return to the simpler and more wholesome conditions of an earlier age. Our machines will continue to increase their speed; labor will be further subdivided, and grow still more monotonous. We cannot expel women from industry: our society needs the services of the millions of women and girls in its stores and factories and workshops, and these millions of women and girls need their opportunities for employment. We can, however, reduce the working day to a reasonable length; we can prohibit night work and restrict overtime to narrow limits. To judge from past experience in the reduction of working hours, these reforms would not involve even an immediate loss in productive power. They would force a readjustment of work, and more careful planning on the part of employers. They would eliminate a few employers too incompetent to adapt themselves to a new situation. In the long run, without doubt, their influence would be wholly salutary.

Miss Goldmark recognizes that fatigue is not the only evil afflicting the working class. But the evil of fatigue is, in her view, fundamental. As long as the worker remains, in effect, a victim of chronic poisoning, better wages, greater security of employment, and improved housing can avail him little.

As the purpose of the writer is purely practical, she does not confine herself narrowly to her main theme, but introduces whatever material she conceives may prove useful to the reformer. Much of the space of the book is given to an analysis of existing labor laws and a criti-

cism of the methods employed in their enforcement. The book contains, in addition to its three hundred pages of text, the substance of the briefs submitted to the courts by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis and Miss Goldmark in defense of the ten-hour laws of Oregon and Illinois and the fifty-four-hour law of Ohio. This material is excellent; it gives ready access to the best expert opinion, both American and foreign, on the physical effects of industrial labor. Miss Goldmark's book may justly be appraised as the most important recent contribution to the literature of the labor problem.

"Making Both Ends Meet" also deals with the strain and weariness of women's labor, the waste of women's strength and life in the factories and workshops of the modern city. Chief emphasis, however, is laid upon the question of wages. The method employed by Mrs. Clark and Miss Wyatt differs radically from that of Miss Goldmark. The latter works, by preference, with statistics, laboratory tests, expert opinion; the authors of "Making Both Ends Meet" describe the life of the workers as it has fallen under their direct observation, and narrate the histories, more or less typical, of workers whose confidence they have gained. The authors enable us to see exactly what these workers earn and how they spend their earnings; what is their home life,— if we may thus distort the meaning of that phrase; what opportunities they have for recreation and enjoyment; what chances offer of substantial improvement in their lot. At best the story is one of barely making both ends meet; at worst, it is a story no one will read with pleasure. The book gives evidence of much patient and courageous work on the part of the authors and their collaborators. Its intensely personal note makes it an excellent complement of the work of Miss Goldmark.

Miss Butler's "Saleswomen in Mercantile Stores" is a detailed study of the conditions of work and pay in the mercantile establishments in Baltimore. The author's work is thorough and systematic; and it is to be hoped that similar investigations will be made in other cities. The saleswomen of Baltimore work 56.9 hours a week (70.7 hours the week before Christmas). Half of them earn five dollars a week or less; not one-fifth of them earn above six dollars a week. Overwork and underpay,—these form the common lot of women in "gainful occupations."

In "The Women of To-morrow," Mr. William Hard addresses himself to another aspect of the modern industrial situation: the assumption by industry of manifold functions formerly exercised by the household, and the consequent acquisition of leisure by women of the middle class. That this problem is a serious one, Mrs. Schreiner and Mrs. Gilman have already convinced us. Half the women of the middle class do not marry; those who do marry have few children, as a rule, and consequently find difficulties in occupying themselves fully—difficulties possibly somewhat exaggerated by our sociological writers. Mr. Hard sees in present-day educational tendencies the promise of a solution of the problem. The women of to-morrow will be trained for an independent part in economic life; they will be trained in the art of spending; they will be trained for the assumption of civic duties Mr. Hard is, however, no dealer in solutions; he is an enthusiastic inquirer with an optimistic trend, and his book is so attractively written that the reader himself is almost constrained to assume an attitude of enthusiastic optimism. Who knows? Possibly the well-trained women of to-morrow will solve the problems of industrial labor now so hopelessly bungled by the men of to-day.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

CARTWRIGHT OF LABRADOR.*

Toward the close of the eighteenth century there appeared a formidable narrative, in three volumes, bearing in the manner of the period this comprehensive title: "Journal of Transactions and Events during a Residence of nearly Sixteen Years on the Coast of Labrador; containing Many Interesting Particulars both of the Country and its Inhabitants not hitherto Known; Illustrated with Proper Charts." The Journal of Captain George Cartwright now ranks among the rare Americana, and is seldom found even in the larger libraries. It has always seemed matter for regret that someone had not undertaken a reprint of this valuable narrative; for it is such from several points of view. Cartwright was a man of untiring energy and wide observation. During his long residence on the Labrador coast he was almost constantly on the move, hunting, trapping, fishing, visiting Indian and Eskimo encampments, exploring the country; wherever he went he found something new to interest him, and whatever he saw he made a note of, for his own sake in the first instance, and ultimately for ours. What he tells us is well worth the telling, and it gains double value

* CAPTAIN CARTWRIGHT AND HIS LABRADOR JOURNAL. Edited by Charles Wendell Townsend, M.D. With an Introduction by Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

from the simple and graphic frankness of the author's style. The Journal in its original form is a delightfully entertaining narrative, with only two faults — its inaccessibility and its inordinate length. Thanks to Dr. Townsend, to whom we were already indebted for several books on Labrador, both these faults have now been eliminated. He has not only given us a reprint of Cartwright's Journal, but he has succeeded in reducing it to the compass of a single volume without destroying any of the charm of the original.

In his own Preface and Introduction, Dr. Townsend presents an interesting account of Cartwright as he appeared to his contemporaries, and of his life before and after he engaged in the Labrador fur-trade. Southey's picture of this Robinson Crusoe of the north, as he appeared in 1791, is too good to pass by.

"I was visiting with the Lambs, at Hampstead, in Kent, at the house of Hodges, his brother-in-law; we had nearly finished dinner when he came in. He desired the servant to cut him a plate of beef from the sideboard. I thought the footman meant to insult him: the plate was piled to a height which no ploughboy after a hard day's fasting could have levelled; but the moment he took up his knife and fork and arranged the plate, I saw this was no common man. A second and third supply soon vanished. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, who had never before seen him, glanced at each other; but Tom and I, with schoolboys' privilege, kept our eyes riveted upon him with what Doctor Butt would have called the gaze of admiration. 'I see you have been looking at me,' (said he, when he had done). 'I have a very great appetite. I once fell in with a stranger in the shooting season, and we dined together at an inn. There was a leg of mutton, which he did not touch. I never make more than two cuts off a leg of mutton; the first takes all one side, the second all the other; and when I had done this, I laid the bone across my knife for the marrow. The stranger could refrain no longer. 'By God, sir,' said he, 'I never saw a man eat like you!'"

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of the range of subjects that engaged Cartwright's restless curiosity and found a place in his Journal. Nothing was too trivial to escape his notice. He gives many pages to a minute and remarkably accurate account of the beaver; and elsewhere he gravely describes the adventure of the ship's goat with a bucket of rum. She got through nearly a gallon of that insidious beverage, it appears, "and has continued ever since in so complete a state of intoxication as to be unable to get upon her legs." His description of a mid-winter camp will appeal to some of us who have tried that sort of thing.

"At midnight the frost increased; the wind blew the fire about, and made it smoke most intolerably. The fuel was not of a good kind for burning, and the trees in the wood being small and rather thinly scattered, those parts of us which were not immediately next to the fire were ready to freeze; we were therefore obliged to turn ourselves continually; during which time I often wished to be lashed to a spit, and turned like a roasting goose, without the trouble of doing it myself."

One gets some idea of the profits of the fur-trade in its palmy days from Cartwright's narrative.

"Shuglawina (an Eskimo) made me a present of a very fine silver fox skin; but he insisted on having the same price for the brush of it as I had just paid for an entire skin. However, as he only demanded a small ivory comb, which cost me no more than twopence halfpenny, and the skin was worth four guineas, I made no scruple in completing the purchase."

After what Southey tells us, it is not surprising to find frequent mention of meals in the Journal, and some of them were odd enough. Traders wintering on the Labrador could not afford to be squeamish. "I had a loin of white bear roasted for dinner," he says in one place, "which proved very good; although, to say the truth, it was much like beef basted with seal oil; however, for want of the beef without the oil, I ate near two pounds of it." On another occasion he and his men were reduced to a fore-quarter of wolf, which proved so hard, dry, tough, and rank, that at first he could not swallow it. A day or two later, he mentions that he had finished the wolf, and adds, with an air of sly triumph, that he has at last got the better of his squeamish stomach. But as a trencherman he has to admit that he is not in the same class with the average Eskimo. He entertained a party of them at his camp. "Nine salmon were boiled for them, and, although the fish were fifteen pounds weight each, on an average, they ate the whole at a meal. I can eat pretty well myself; but my performances in that way are not worth recording in the history of men of such superior talents."

In addition to a very complete account of the Eskimo, and the Indians of Labrador, Cartwright gives from personal knowledge a description of the since extinct Beothuk tribe of Newfoundland. So little is known of this unfortunate race that this record, based on personal observation, is exceedingly valuable. He describes them as "the most forlorn of any of the human species which have yet come to my knowledge, the Indians of Terra del Fuego excepted."

Of his many adventures by land and sea, none is perhaps more exciting than a raid which he suffered in August, 1778, at the hands of a Boston privateer, commanded by one John Grimes. Grimes swooped down on the Labrador settlement, took possession of Cartwright's vessels, loaded them with his furs and stores, and sailed away to the south. "May the devil

go with them!" feelingly exclaims poor Cartwright.

On his last voyage home, Cartwright had as cabin-mate no less a personage than Benedict Arnold, of whom he gives no very flattering account. The voyage was a long one, and before they reached England passengers and crew were on short allowance. Water was particularly scarce, and the passengers were only allowed a pint a day. When the ship came into port, Cartwright examined the lockers in his cabin and found a number of bottles of wine missing. "I was informed by the mate," he says, "that at such times as I was upon deck, General Arnold, through the medium of his servant, had stolen most of the wine, which belonged to us both, and had sold it to the sailors for water, which he kept for his own use."

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

THE NEW HISTORY.*

Every now and then the omniscient reviewer pronounces some historical work to be "definitive." I confess to an entire lack of interest in all such works, — if they really *are* definitive. Why study a subject about which nothing more can be learned? It is a desolating thought that a period once important, such as the Reformation, or a great movement as fascinating as it is elusive, like the French Revolution, has been put on the shelf finally: quite finished and done with, and done *for;* nothing more to be said about it, — henceforth useless except to be conned by rote. Who cares to open a book that is without defect or amiable weakness? The impeccable thing paralyzes the will and makes pedants of us all.

Fortunately, the definitive book in history is never definitive for more than a short while. The appearance of many definitive works, the flourishing of "standard" histories, is most usually an indication, not that history is exhausted, but that a certain method of treating it is about played out. Sooner or later some disturbing genius takes a new point of view, some heretic comes along with a novel method of treatment, and everything has to be done over again. The "new history" is announced before the old has become fairly complacent.

"The present," says Professor Robinson in his volume entitled "The New History," "has hitherto been the willing victim of the past; the time has now come when it should turn on the past and exploit it in the interest of advance." In one sense it might be maintained that the present has never been the victim of the past, but that its instinct has always been to exploit the past for its own purposes. In some periods the interest of the present has seemed to lie in sustaining existing social arrangements, in justifying certain prevailing theories of life; and in such periods history has been a conservative force. At other times the interest of the present has seemed to lie in transforming existing institutions, in destroying certain prevailing conceptions; and then men have turned to the past and have found in it arguments suited to revolution. History, when it has not been merely edifying, has usually served primarily either as a justification or as a criticism of the existing *régime.*

Thus Saint Augustine exploited the past to discredit Paganism and to propagate Christian doctrine; and his conception of history, after Christianity almost destroyed Paganism, was for many centuries a powerful conservative force, an instrument for maintaining the supremacy of the Church. But the Protestants appealed to history to justify their revolt from that same Church, — quite definitely and consciously they "exploited the past in the interest of advance." Quite as definitely, though perhaps less consciously, the erudite scholars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries contributed an intellectual prop for the absolutist system of that age. But when the main currents of social life in France set in the direction of reform the patient Benedictine engaged in collecting documents for the history of his order, or the learned layman, a Fréret for example, with his twenty volumes of impartial and disinterested scholarship, suffered eclipse. It was about the middle of the eighteenth century that the "Philosophers" announced a "new history," a history which was to tell the average man, not what actually happened, but what he ought to think about what had happened, and especially about what might happen; and this new history did indeed exploit the past most effectively in the interest of advance, or what was supposed to be advance.

But what of the nineteenth century, with its detachment and scientific method? Have we not been assured that the writing of history has at last been put on a sound and permanent foundation? Undoubtedly we have, but that is an old story. Every generation is disposed to think "we are the people and wisdom will die with us." Still one may hope that historical wisdom will survive Leopold von Ranke, and even Mr. Round. The future student of the intellectual life of our day will doubtless see that the historical writing of the nineteenth century, like the historical writing of other times, has been shaped by the pressure of social needs; will point out how it has served a certain social purpose; will perhaps admit, from his superior vantage, that much good work was done in spite of inadequate knowledge and an imperfect criticism. Perhaps it will then be seen that the method inaugurated by Savigny, and brought to some sort of perfection by Ranke and his disciples, was one of the forms assumed by the intellectual reaction from the philosophy of the French Revolution; that the historical school was in the in-

*THE NEW HISTORY. Essays Illustrating the Modern Historical Outlook. By James Harvey Robinson, Professor of History in Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Co.

tellectual life of the century what the Historic Rights party was in political life,—a most effective bulwark against those insurgent principles that were regarded as having played havoc with Europe for a generation. Convinced by sharp experience that conscious attempts at radical social reconstruction were dangerous, the nineteenth century wished to exploit the past to disprove the doctrine of natural rights and to condemn the methods of the French Revolution. And so, working in such an atmosphere, historians naturally enough became interested in historic rights rather than in natural rights; preoccupied with what happened, they were studiously non-commital about what ought to have happened; disposed to make much of changes that came very slowly and little of changes that came suddenly; inclined to belittle conscious purpose as an influence in shaping institutions; well content if it turned out that some great affair could be traced to an obscure origin,—as, for example, the expense involved in equipping a cavalry service. And after much patient investigation along the lines of these initial preconceptions, it was discovered that in fact there were no natural rights; that what happened was nearly if not quite the thing that had to happen, so that it was useless to inquire what ought to have happened; that change in institutions and ideas was, to be sure, the fundamental thing in history; but that change was most fruitful if it came slowly without anyone's wishing for it, and least fruitful if it came quite suddenly as the result of everybody's wishing for it very much, and working to bring it about. For purposes of illustration, the history of England was found, rather providentially, to be wonderfully well adapted. And so, by a most happy chance, history itself, scientifically conceived and impartially studied, proved that the French Revolution was undoubtedly a necessary mistake,—an historical event which had done a certain amount of good surely, but which, by virtue of having departed from the most approved precedents, had done it in a very bad way.

But the shadow which the Reign of Terror cast over Europe for a century is passing, while at the same time it is perfectly certain that neither the formulas of the Manchester school, nor the resounding phrases of Liberalism, nor reliance upon the Manifest Destiny of Historic Rights, is ushering in any millenium. At present there are signs of a return to earlier ideas, a disposition, in certain quarters, to rehabilitate the "rags and tags and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man." The resplendent vision of Perfectibility, although it has doubtless taken on some neutral litmus paper tints, has never been quite lost; transformed into the idea of Progress—the belief that society can by its own efforts indefinitely increase the happiness and welfare of all men—it is perhaps the one really vital faith of our day. It is not impossible, therefore, that the great task of the present century will centre in a second attempt to bring to fruition those splendid ideals of social justice which the generous minds of the eighteenth century conceived, and which the men of the Revolution, with the courage of their emotions, embodied in "glittering generalities" for the edification of mankind. As the problem of "social betterment" becomes more insistent, discontent with the existing *régime* gathers force. It is not unreasonable to suppose that in the next half century intellectual interests will be somewhat withdrawn from the past and concentrated somewhat more in the future, less concerned about what actually happened and rather more concerned about what ought to happen. That this change of emphasis will profoundly affect the study and writing of history, is a prediction which may be safely ventured.

The purpose of Professor Robinson's little volume (which is only a collection of essays and addresses prepared for different occasions during the last ten years, and which, for that reason, lacks something of the definiteness, consistency, and structural coördination which the title might lead one to expect) is to venture just that prediction, to suggest that the time is ripe for historians to ask themselves whether the aims and methods by which so much has been achieved in the last sixty years are precisely those which will serve best for the future. Professor Robinson is convinced that they are not; and, without professing to formulate any definite programme, he wishes to emphasize the fact "that history should not be regarded as a stationary subject which can only progress by refining its methods and accumulating, criticizing, and assimilating new material, but that it is bound to alter its ideals and aims with the general progress of society and of the social sciences, and that it should ultimately play an infinitely more important *rôle* in our intellectual life than it has hitherto done." Not unnaturally, therefore, one characteristic note of the book is discontent; and in this it voices the feeling of many historical students, especially of the younger generation. What is the use, they are asking themselves, of so many learned volumes which nobody reads? What is the use of so much erudition that contributes so little to "the instant need of things"? In reading these essays one often wonders if Professor Robinson does not regret that Fate made him an historian at all, and not a real scientist,—an anthropologist perhaps, or comparative psychologist. In the end, however, one is convinced that such is not the case; for if he sees the "plight in which history finds itself" just now, he is confident that there is a brilliant future in store for it; and this note of confidence in the future of history is only less marked than the note of dissatisfaction with its present condition.

In both respects Professor Robinson's attitude inevitably recalls the point of view of the eighteenth century *Philosophe*. "All the weighty substance of our historians," said Grimm in 1755, "consists in a tedious and pedantic discussion of facts which are ordinarily as indifferent as they are uncertain." Professor Robinson, in like manner, employs his dry humor at the expense of a certain type of historian solemnly engaged in determining "whether Charles the Fat was in Ingelheim or Lustnau on July 1, 887," or in pointing out "the spot where Nehemiah

Abbot's ox met an untimely and suspicious end by choking on a turnip." With the dull chronicle, however adequately "documented," Professor Robinson is dissatisfied, not because it is dull, but because it so often does not help us in the least to understand the present, and so does not help us to deal with its problems intelligently. This was also the point of view of the eighteenth century reformer. "Other historians," Diderot told Voltaire, "relate facts to inform us of facts. You relate them in order to excite in us an intense hatred of lying, ignorance, hypocrisy, superstition, fanaticism, tyranny; and this anger remains, even after the memory of the facts has passed away." Professor Robinson is as far as possible from wishing the historian to relate facts in order to excite hatred and anger. The point of resemblance is that he, like Grimm and Diderot, wishes to exploit the past in the interest of advance. Now, in the eighteenth century the histories which exploited the past in the interest of advance were precisely those which aroused discontent with the existing *régime*. It is perhaps a fair question whether histories written in the twentieth century, if they are consciously to exploit the past in the interest of advance, will do it in the same way,—by arousing discontent with the existing *régime*.

Yes, Professor Robinson would reply; provided it arouses an intelligent discontent, that is precisely the best thing history can possibly do. The business of history is to arouse an intelligent discontent, to foster a fruitful radicalism; but it should do this, not by becoming less scientific than it is now, but by becoming more scientific. And this, again, is the attitude of the eighteenth century philosophers. Diderot and Grimm and their fellows were convinced that history could be properly written only "by Philosophers,"—by men, that is, who were thoroughly familiar with the scientific knowledge of the day. Now, the most definite contention in Professor Robinson's book, the one which he would doubtless consider most important, is precisely that historians have hitherto failed to make use of the results of what he calls the newer sciences of mankind,—"Anthropology, in a comprehensive sense, Prehistoric Archæology, Social and Animal Psychology, and the Comparative Study of Religions." History, professing to deal with man in the past, has concerned itself much with the past but very little with man. In the future, "if history is to reach its highest development, it must confess that it is based on sister sciences, that it can progress only with them, must lean largely on them for support, and in return should repay its debt by the contributions it makes to our understanding of our species." The most vital concern of our day is the progress of the race through conscious effort. Such progress will be permanent and real only if based upon a genuine scientific knowledge of man; and only by assimilating thoroughly this scientific knowledge of man can the historian point out to us how real progress has been made in the past and so help us to proceed aright in the future. It is in this way that history will arouse an intelligent discontent and foster a fruitful radicalism.

I have insisted, perhaps unduly, upon the analogy between Professor Robinson's point of view and that of the eighteenth century reformers, because it seems to me that his conception of history raises a fundamental difficulty, a difficulty which also confronted them. This difficulty is in respect to the idea of progress. What, after all, is progress? What is the test, the standard of value, which is to determine the direction of conscious effort towards social reconstruction? Professor Robinson's only reply to this question is that "no one who realizes the relative barbarism of our whole civilization . . . will have the patience to formulate any definition of progress when the most bewildering opportunities for social betterment summon us on every side." This is very well if it is only a matter of doing what our hands find to do: one may venture to feed the starving before formulating a definition of progress. But if one wishes to remove the causes of poverty, a definition of progress might prove most useful. And certainly if the historian is to renounce his present aims and methods, and to set himself the task of "exploiting the past in the interest of advance," he needs a far more definite notion of what advance is than can be found in the statement that "the most bewildering opportunities for betterment summon us on every side"; he needs, in fact, a genuinely scientific definition of progress.

It need hardly be said that present-day ideas of progress are most intangible. A profound faith in progress, we have; a world of light talk about it,—that we have also; but the truth is we never know what form progress will take until after the event. Opposing principles are reconciled by falling into chronological sequence, and socialism, for example, acquires virtue by the mere passing of liberalism into the limbo of yesterday. And this would seem to be the necessary result of a philosophy which identifies man and nature, thus reducing all values to the relative test. The price of not having dogmatic creeds is that the content of our faith is successively unfolded, as it were, only in the daily practice of it. In the eighteenth century the conclusions drawn from the premises of Locke left the reformers facing a similar difficulty: man is an irresponsible product of uniform natural law, said the materialist; in that case, asked the reformer, is not society in all its forms necessary too; this Old Régime, which we have condemned, is it not a very "state of nature" after all? The dilemma had been succinctly stated by Pascal long before. "Custom," he said, "is a second nature which destroys the first. But what is this nature? I fear that nature itself is only a first custom." No French Revolution could issue from a dilemma which brought everything to a stand. It was Rousseau who cut the Gordian knot by giving a new form to the old dualism of man and nature: "Man is naturally good, it is society which corrupts him." The modern social reformer is confronted by much the same dilemma; and if conscious effort towards social regen-

eration is to issue in anything more than temporary expedients, the distinction between what is natural and permanent in human society and what is artificial and temporary must be drawn again in some manner or other. But to be in any way effective, the distinction must be based upon genuine scientific knowledge as well as upon an emotional faith. Perhaps it is the task of religion to furnish the latter; it certainly rests with science to furnish the former. Science, rather than history, must discover, as Kant said, "the constant elements in man's nature, in order to understand what sort of perfection it is that suits him, alike in a state of rude simplicity, in a state of wise simplicity, and in a state which transcends both of these."

It may be that the "newer sciences of mankind" can achieve this. Who shall say? But until they do, it is infinitely true, as Professor Robinson himself says, that "one may find solace and intellectual repose in surrendering all attempts to define history, and in conceding that it is the business of the historian to find out anything about mankind in the past which he believes to be interesting or important and about which there are sources of information." This is a franchise which surely includes us all. Meanwhile, by all means let the historian learn all he possibly can about the newer sciences of mankind, and about the older sciences too, and about philosophy, about literature, about art, about everything that is under the sun: all this knowledge will serve, "if judiciously practised, greatly to strengthen and deepen the whole range of historical study and render its results far more valuable than they have hitherto been."

CARL BECKER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

An American leader of men.

It is a most attractive personality that is set forth in Mr. William Bayard Hale's volume entitled "Woodrow Wilson: The Story of His Life" (Doubleday). Whatever may be the outcome of the present presidential campaign, no one who reads this sketch can doubt that our political life has already received a much-needed impetus upward by Dr. Wilson's entrance from the seclusion of academic labor into the strenuous activities of politics. Dr. Wilson comes naturally by his seriousness of purpose, his strength of conviction, and his devotion to the cause of education and good government. He is descended from an ancestry that has always stood for what is sturdy and honorable in American history. The Wilsons were Scotch-Irish and the Woodrows (the mother's family) were Scotch. One fancies there must have been village dominies in the line of the mother's descent, and that one of them was reincarnated in the friendly, sane, and vigorous president of Princeton, who fought so faithfully for sincerity in academic life and work and for democracy in the university. Most interesting is the story of this batttle of a president of one of our greatest universities to restore the preëminence of intellectual concerns over the shallow and abnormal social interests and the baneful athletic craze, which together called forth the remark of a cynical observer that Princeton was the finest country club in America. Dr. Wilson was not content to alter radically the system of election of studies, so as to secure better coördination in the studies of each student; but he also introduced the system of preceptors, in order that young and immature minds might have the steady guidance and inspiration of trained intelligence in the pursuit of their university careers. He went yet a step further, and proposed to cut through the artificial stratification of university society, to house all students in dormitories and to have men from all college classes in the same buildings, and with them young professors. It was just when this plan for making university life democratic, and his allied plan for the graduate school to be erected on the same campus with the college, had received a serious setback, and seemed doomed to temporary defeat, that Dr. Wilson was summoned into public life. No one who had observed his career at Princeton could fail to foresee that he would be unswerving in his adherence to democracy and honesty in politics; yet the bosses who helped to seat him in the governor's chair seem to have estimated the sincerity of his campaign declarations at the same rate as their own. When they learned too late that he meant to keep every promise he had made, there was bitter denunciation. He had proved recalcitrant and ungrateful. In the picturesque language of the campaign, Dr. Wilson had warned all concerned that it was plain that Providence had not intended him to be ornamental and that he would be a very busy governor. The record of what he accomplished for the people of New Jersey against the combined rings of both the Democrats and the Republicans is as thrilling as a story of knight-errantry. It is a record that harmonizes with the rare quality of Dr. Wilson's stump oratory — clear, vivid, picturesque, and yet always flavored with the dignity that we associate with scholars whose culture has not killed their humanity.

The story of a heavenly pilgrimage.

In an allegory or fantasy clothed in simple and beautiful language that occasionally reminds one of "The Pilgrim's Progress," Mr. Arthur C. Benson relates, in "The Child of the Dawn" (Putnam), the supposed experiences of a soul privileged to visit heaven and to see God in the timeless interval between two successive reincarnations. In an interesting preface the author says: "The fact that underlies the book is this: that in the course of a very sad and strange experience — an illness which lasted for some two years, involving me in a dark cloud of dejection — I came to believe practically, instead of merely theoretically, in the personal immortality of the human soul. I was conscious, during the whole time, that though the physical machinery of the nerves was out of gear, the soul and the mind remained, not only

intact, but practically unaffected by the disease, imprisoned, like a bird in a cage, but perfectly free in themselves, and uninjured by the bodily weakness which enveloped them." Nor was that all. He was led to see that his hitherto accepted standards of value were more or less false, and "that what really mattered to the soul was the relation in which it stood to other souls; that affection was the native air of the spirit; and that anything which distracted the heart from the duty of love was a kind of bodily delusion, and simply hindered the spirit in its pilgrimage." The picture presented in the succeeding pages of the joys and sorrows of discarnate spirits is admirably drawn, enriched with many a stroke of wit and wisdom, of tenderness and humor, of insight and sympathy. The prospect of an indefinite series of earthly lives for each soul, as conceived by the author, is of course not new or startling, but so forbidding to most of us that we prefer to dream our own dreams about the tremendous possibilities of the future. What the book teaches most impressively and acceptably is the supreme importance of love, compared with which nothing else matters. To show that the book is not unworthy of mention in the same breath with Bunyan's masterpiece, let us quote, as an example of its style, a paragraph from its closing pages. "Then I took Cynthia's hand and laid it in the hand of Lucius; and I left them there upon the peak, and turned no more. And no more woeful spirit was in the land of heaven that day than mine as I stumbled wearily down the slope, and found the valley. And then, for I did not know the way to descend, I commended myself to God; and he took me."

A history of the people of Holland.

In 1892, Professor Petrus Johannes Blok of the University of Leyden published the first two volumes of a "History of the People of the Netherlands," and in 1900 these volumes were translated into English by Miss Ruth Putnam. As subsequent instalments appeared in Holland, the translation has been continued; until now the fifth and concluding volume, translated (as was the fourth) by Mr. Oscar Bierstadt, is presented to the public. At the outset the author asserted that he desired to present not so much the evolution of Holland as a State, but rather the life of the people in "civilization, commerce, industry, agriculture, navigation, law, and economic development," and he avowedly modelled his work on that of the English historian, John Richard Green. In the execution of his plan, however, he failed, in the earlier volumes, in the attempt to interweave political events and popular reaction to those events; and in this last volume, covering the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, he has largely altered his method. Political events and institutional change are here segregated in separate chapters, as are intellectual, industrial, and cultural topics, the result being a distinct improvement in clarity. The work now completed is an important contribution to historical knowledge, at least for English readers, since it presents a continuous narrative of Dutch history not elsewhere duplicated, while the present volume offers a clear résumé of political conditions in Holland since 1850, by a careful and scholarly observer. The most interesting personality of this period is Thorbecke, professor at the University of Leyden, leader of the liberal movement of 1848, and during three terms chief minister of the state. Under his guidance, ministerial responsibility and direct election of the popular branch of the legislature were secured, and without the strain of a revolution, such as swept over Europe in 1848. For over a quarter of a century he exercised a tremendous influence. Mr. Blok tells us that "Thorbecke created the forms in which the government was to move for a long time; his strong hand had pointed out the way to progress in constitutional development, in material prosperity, and intellectual emancipation. His name is bound to the history of this important period; his statue on the Thorbecke square in Amsterdam is the memorial of a remarkable phase of Holland's national history." A few good maps and a wholly inadequate index conclude the volume. (Putnam.)

Observations and warnings of a journalist.

Contributed originally to "The Referee" of London, the short and timely articles now collected by Mr. Arnold White under the title, "The Views of 'Vanoc'" (Dutton), furnish considerable matter of interest to the desultory reader, and not a few pages fraught with advice or warning of an attention-compelling nature to any reader. The reason of the pseudonym, "Vanoc," is explained, or an explanation is attempted, in a dedicatory note to the Editor of "The Referee." The half-hundred short chapters of the book are grouped in nine sections, and have to do chiefly with political and social questions. Already familiar to Mr. White's readers are his views on the necessity of an invincible navy for England, and he fails not to sound the alarmist note in his book, in an article picturing the supposed eagerness of Germany to make a banquet on the British Empire. "Russia has Siberia," the author points out; "France, a rich soil and a stationary or dwindling population; America, ample room to expand; Japan, the whole Far East; Britain, her own Empire. Germany, the greatest military Power, has no place under her own flag outside her borders where Germans can live and thrive. . . . Germany wants that which England possesses." But does not all the world know by this time, what "The Great Illusion" has so lately been reiterating and redemonstrating, that trade and migration do not necessarily or exclusively follow the flag? Is not the Teutonic portion of New York one of the largest German cities in the world, and are there not countless acres of new land open to and clamoring for German or any other immigrants in the great Northwest of America? Here, to change the subject, is a suggestive passage from the section devoted to eugenics: "The work of the world is mainly done by the gouty; to speak by the card, by the irritable, sanguine, nervy,

resolute people with great engine-driving power, not by the stolid men and women whose physical machinery is perfect. That each of us is among the unfit is known to every soul honest with itself." The book is already in its second edition, or impression, which speaks well for its readable qualities.

Masterpieces of art illustrated and described.

As with everything that the late John La Farge wrote, his comments upon "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), originally published in "McClure's Magazine," and now put together in book form, bear the impress of a thoughtful and well-stored mind. The pictures — one hundred and six in all — selected for reproduction have been chosen to exemplify the point of view that art is "the mirror of life," and they are arranged accordingly, in subject groups. This classification, though an arbitrary one, serves well enough, especially as care has been exercised to include only works that have enduring charm and are free from what the author stigmatizes as "the bad taste of fashion." His descriptions of the paintings, though engagingly written, sometimes, it must be said, seem to start nowhere and to lead nowhither. In a measure this impression is attributable to the way in which, while advancing in an apparently leisurely manner, he touches lightly upon this thing and that, and passes on to another before the reader quite realizes that the transmigration has taken place; but in larger part it is due to the avoidance of technical explanation. This omission, however, necessarily precludes an adequate exposition of the really vital qualities in the works described. Herein lies the futility of so-called "popular" writing about works of art. The nature of art forbids that the essential qualities can be apprehended without some understanding of the laws of æsthetic relationship. Still, the other and more usually considered qualities are not unimportant, and it is instructive to note how they impress an artist of such distinction and a man of such broad culture as John La Farge. The volume is illustrated with excellent half-tone reproductions of the famous paintings that he has taken as his text. The range is a wide one, extending from Botticelli and Memling to Puvis de Chavannes, and even including one picture by an early Japanese master.

The cheerful side of a cheerful artist's experience.

In a volume bearing the title "Recollections of a Court Painter" (Lane), the genial Irish portrait-painter Mr. H. Jones Thaddeus tells how he painted the portraits of Pope Leo XIII. and his successor Pius X.; how he dined with Robert Browning, who looked "like a portly shopkeeper" and "whose whole attention was centered on the good things before him"; how he found it possible to paint Gladstone in peace only by agreeing with everything that the irascible statesman happened to say; and how he played the part of actor or spectator in a hundred other incidents which were quite as amusing, even though the participants were less celebrated. Now and then he is too much of an artist to be followed patiently by the lay reader. Now and then, also, he is perhaps a little too much of a Bohemian to please the strait-laced and the orthodox; but he is so hearty and genuine through it all that it is not difficult to overlook an occasional instance of unnecessary frankness or indiscreet levity. In his anxiety to make his book attractive he drags in by the heels a good many anecdotes which have not the remotest connection either with himself or with his art,— certainly one of the most noticeable of "the many defects of this my maiden effort to wield that which is mightier than the sword." The first few chapters are filled with delightful accounts of youthful pranks in the art schools of Cork, London, and Paris. Mr. Thaddeus has been an inveterate traveller, and his impressions of Algiers, Ceylon, and Australia are something more than witty. Like some other Britons of even greater celebrity, he has little use for America,— although a number of Americans have sat for him, and contributed generously toward his princely income. Of the seventeen illustrations scattered through his book, the most interesting is a reproduction of a photograph which represents him painting a portrait of Pius X. This photograph, he says, he secured "partly from a historical point of view, and partly to disarm calumny, to which I had been exposed while painting his predecessor."

The literary development of France.

A convenient yet comprehensive history of French literature in English has long been a desideratum. We have, to be sure, manuals like Professor Dowden's and Mr. Saintsbury's, as well as the somewhat antiquated longer work of Van Laun, but still no one-volume history to place beside the admirable French production of M. Lanson. So Professor C. H. C. Wright of Harvard has undertaken to give us "A History of French Literature," and his well-printed octavo of 964 pages has just been issued by the Clarendon Press. It is a conscientious piece of work, this account of the literary development of France; indeed, it yields to none of its American or English predecessors in soundness of scholarship or in range of information. The index, for example, contains over two thousand names — a significant number when it is considered that only in his final chapter does the author show that inclination to enumerate minor writers which is so frequent a characteristic of manuals of literature. Professor Wright, be it said, devotes his attention mainly to the great movements and the great names. Admirable in this respect, the book commends itself to the college student and the general reader by its proportion, its judgment, and its recognition of the latest discoveries and theories of scholarship. The advanced student and the teacher will be grateful to the author for his bibliographies and bibliographical hints — a closely-printed section of 54 pages. And both graduate and undergraduate will recognize in this volume, as in practically all the so-called

"literary" productions of our Germanized American scholarship, the tone of the class-room. Clear as the narrative is, it possesses neither grace of phrasing nor beauty of structure; its diction is in every sense commonplace and undistinguished. There are, to be sure, occasional sentences or epithets borrowed from colloquial or journalistic sources — picturesque expressions such as "tabloid," "swagger," "he has toned down," "high priest of nudity," etc. But defensible as these things may be in lectures to ennui-laden seniors, they hardly seem well-placed in a "literary history of France," especially in one written by an avowed partisan of French classicism and the classic simplicity of style.

Saunterings in Saskatchewan and elsewhere.

From the vicinity of Edmonton in Alberta to Toronto, twenty-five hundred miles to the east, the sprightly chronicler who signs herself "Janey Canuck," with an explanatory "Emily Ferguson" added in parentheses, made her leisurely and observant way with a single companion and by various modes of conveyance. Her account of this journey she calls "Open Trails" (Cassell), and it is enlivened, if it needs further enlivenment than her own pen has given it, by a gorgeously colored frontispiece and a multitude of well-executed smaller drawings. The story is one that excels rather in the telling of it than in the things told. In other words, it has more manner than matter. So abundant is the literary drapery clothing the body of facts that one can hardly discern the merest outlines of the body. In the matter of proper names alone the heroine of the adventure, the narrator herself, is "Janey," or "dear old girl," as her companion styles her; the travelling companion is for literary purposes "the Padre," but in plain English, as one makes out at last, the husband of the woman with whom he is on so intimate terms and whom he addresses so familiarly; the author's birthplace is "X," and she apparently, near the end of the book, almost falls a victim to "cholecystitis," which to most readers will be about the vaguest thing in the whole narrative. As a specimen of the author's buoyant style, here is what she says of Alberta: "Alberta has no past to speak of, but has a future beyond comparison. Tut! I bite my thumb at the past. A past may be as great a detriment to a country as to a woman." The writer of "Open Trails" is already known through her previous book entitled "Janey Canuck in the West," and most of her readers will hope for still further books in the same jaunty and spontaneous manner.

Kant and Spencer critically expounded.

Students of the late Professor Borden Parker Bowne will welcome the posthumous work from his pen entitled "Kant and Spencer: A Critical Exposition" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) which has been edited from the author's rough notes by a number of friends who were sufficiently familiar with his thought to supply what seemed the necessary corrections. The book deals with Kant and Spencer from the standpoint of Mr. Bowne's own philosophical interpretation of the universe, which was a spiritual and personal one. It is therefore quite natural that Kant, the philosopher who criticised the intellect as a revealer of religious truth only to supplant it by the practical reason, and who therefore placed the religious interpretation of the universe on a stronger basis than ever before, comes in for sympathetic treatment. Kant, however, was not final, and Mr. Bowne criticises incisively his doctrine of the understanding and of time and space. He recognizes, however, Kant's permanent contributions to thought, and points out how pragmatism has its original source in Kant's doctrine of the activity of the mind and the need for an interpretation of the universe which shall satisfy the soul as well as the intellect of man. The exposition of Herbert Spencer is a very thorough piece of destructive criticism, dealing especially with the "First Principles" and the "Principles of Psychology." The author's summing up of the matter is that Spencer's philosophy, apart from the suggestions thrown out by the way throughout its course, has no value as a system, and that it has passed away with that reliance on physical science which was the intellectual feature of its generation and which gave it so great a vogue.

Early American story-books for children.

All who are interested in children's story-books, except the children themselves, will find pleasure and profit in Miss Rosalie V. Halsey's "Forgotten Books of the American Nursery: A History of the Development of the American Story-Book," published in Boston by Messrs. Charles E. Goodspeed & Co. From John Cotton's "*Milk for Babes.* Drawn out of the Breast of Both Testaments. Chiefly for the spiritual nourishment of *Boston Babes* in either England: But may be of like use for any children," to Peter Parley's and Jacob Abbott's and Miss Sedgwick's little books of harmless fiction for innocent children, the author traces, in seven carefully-written chapters, the genesis of the American story-book for young people, bringing out for the benefit of the philosophical student of the subject the influence exerted by the spirit of each successive age upon the character of its juvenile literature. It is this constant even though gradual change of atmosphere, in the family life and in the nursery as well as in the greater world, that largely accounts for the obsoleteness of most of the children's books of the past; but the author puts it too strongly when she says that "there is nothing more rare in the fiction of any nation than the popular child's story that endures." What, pray, are the favorite collections of fairy-stories and nursery rhymes made up of to-day if not of the good old tales and jingles that, in many cases, have in substance if not in form come down from a more or less remote past? Does our current adult fiction show as many hoary survivals? Miss Halsey's book, besides being well printed in a handsome limited

edition, is liberally provided with facsimile reproductions of curious old title-pages, rude wood-cuts, and other illustrative details.

The life of an imperial adventuress.

Mr. Francis Gribble, clever purveyor of breezy scandal, gives us in his latest volume what he calls "The Comedy of Catherine the Great" (Putnam). His title is a shrewd warning that he intends to deal, not with Russian politics or the serious side of Catherine's life, but solely or principally with her amours. Mr. Gribble does not reprobate his heroine, and hold her up as a horrible warning; he reminds us again and again that she was more sinned against than sinning, that her faults were the faults of her age and position, and that she was at bottom a very capable and very good-hearted woman. The latter quality he proves by abundant anecdote, the former he contents himself with repeating earnestly and frequently. The substance of his book, however, is a sensationally detailed account of the woman's endless series of love affairs. Such works have not even the merit of historical trustworthiness. Mr. Gribble, who has undeniably put much labor into the making of his compilation and brought together material from a hundred different sources, conscientiously admits that many of the salacious morsels which he dishes up most carefully are only matters of rumor and cannot be verified. His book has little value for the historian, and in spite of the ostentation of a moral attitude it can scarcely be reckoned a treatise on morals. Nevertheless, it is a breathlessly interesting story, built of vigorous and rapid sentences and strewn from beginning to end with examples of witty phrase-making. If Mr. Gribble had chosen to study Catherine and her reign from a different and less questionable point of view, he might have produced a permanently valuable book, instead of merely a readable one.

Two superb architectural picture-books.

"He who runs may read" might seem to be the best counsel to offer to an aspiring student of architecture. Undoubtedly, the training of the eye before the actual masterpieces of the builder's art is the most valuable apprenticeship. Yet for those who cannot take such a travel-course, good photographs are really not a bad substitute: they afford an easy means of making an art-pilgrimage by proxy. And we are all fond of this sedentary kind of travel, made so enticing recently by the perfecting of reproductive processes and the zeal of the publishers. Such books as Dr. Julius Baum's "Romanesque Architecture in France" and Signor Ricci's "Baroque Architecture and Sculpture in Italy" (Dutton) offer the most alluring opportunities to art-student and arm-chair tourist; they are perfection in their class. Made up respectively of 226 and 274 full-page plates, these splendid folios present their subjects mainly through the range and choice of their illustrations; they are practically art-albums, prepared by experts and provided with brief introductions and full indexes. Our profit from such books is dependent, of course, upon our previous knowledge; but not our pleasure. Even the most indolent arm-chair traveller will not be daunted by a prefatory essay which fills scarcely a dozen pages. He will skip it, pass at once to the plates, and feast his eyes thereon, his pleasure unalloyed except by a possible consciousness of his ignorance. He will learn as the tourist learns, with or without a guide-book. And if he will not run, he need not even read!

How to visit the English cathedrals.

Specialization being as necessary in sight-seeing as in most other matters, the English Cathedral tour finds much favor with travellers abroad. And since these wonderful buildings make a many-sided appeal—through their history and associations as well as through their architecture—many handbooks more or less satisfactory have been offered from time to time on the subject. The latest of these, "How to Visit the English Cathedrals" (Dodd), by Miss Esther Singleton, is by no means the least welcome. Those who are familiar with the long list of this writer's other works know her method. Frankly compiled from various sources duly acknowledged, the citations are tied together with a thread of original matter which adds greatly both to the value and the interest. The introductory chapter of thirty-one pages deals with "Styles of English Architecture"; the twenty-nine chapters following consider as many different cathedrals, and each is illustrated by several charming photographs. It is a book suitable for the rapid but intelligent traveller who may not have either time or inclination for exhaustive study.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The name of Thomas Deloney will not commonly be found in manuals of the history of English literature, yet future compilers of such books will hardly be able to escape giving some attention to this Elizabethan novelist and poet, now that his complete works have been put forth by the Oxford Clarendon Press in a stout volume edited by Mr. Francis Oscar Mann.

"Le Français et Sa Patrie," by Mr. L. Raymond Talbot (Sanborn), is a French reading-book for the first or second year, planned to put the student into possession of much interesting information about French home life, and the history and geography of the country. The matter is partly conversational and partly epistolary. There are also pictures, songs, poems, notes, and a vocabulary. It seems to be a particularly praiseworthy textbook.

If Miss Betham-Edwards's handsomely-illustrated volume, "In the Heart of the Vosges" (McClurg), had been entitled "In Gustave Doré's Country," with the appended "and other sketches," the reviewer would have had little occasion to find fault. One half of the book deals with regions outside the Vosges, while the first half has no eye for anyone but Doré. The admirer of the Alsatian artist will find much to interest and satisfy him in the notes concerning Doré's youth and his world-success; and the testimony regarding the attitude

of the Alsatians toward the Prussian government is valuable. But it is strange to be led through "the heart of the Vosges" and hear no mention of the fine old Meistersaenger, Johann Georg Wickram, who there presided over the Meistergesangschule. And no less strange is it to meet no reminiscences of Walther und Hildegund, who made their famous flight and fought their valiant battle in these passes.

The Boston Book Co. sends us "The Dramatic Index for 1911," being the third volume of an annual bibliography of "articles and illustrations concerning the stage and its players in the periodicals of America and England, with a record of books on the drama and of texts of plays published during 1911." Mr. Frederick Winthrop Faxon is the compiler of this useful book of reference, which makes a stout volume of about two hundred and fifty pages.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the American publishers of "The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature," a useful enterprise not unlike the "Home University Library." New volumes at hand are "Prehistoric Man," by Mr. W. L. H. Duckworth; "The Natural History of Clay," by Mr. Alfred B. Searle; "The Migration of Birds," by Mr. E. A. Coward; "Earthworms and Their Allies," by Mr. Frank E. Beddard; and "The Modern Locomotive," by Mr. C. Edgar Allen.

"Sir Eglamour" is not one of the most interesting of the Middle English romances; but it is simple and brief, and hence well adapted to use in college classes. A carefully-prepared edition of the poem, intended for college use, has recently been made by Prof. Albert S. Cook and published by Messrs. Holt. The editor dispenses with glossary and critical and interpretative notes, but explains difficult words and lines on the pages upon which they occur. A brief introduction gives necessary information as to the history of the poem and as to its more important analogues.

A clear and convenient chart of the heavens that should find decided favor with amateur star-gazers is Mr. Albert Ross Parsons's "Road Map of the Stars" (Kennerley). It consists of forty-eight star maps, mounted on a strong piece of linen and folded to fit the pocket, showing in separate views (North, South, East, and West) the positions of the stars at any hour of any night in the year. Unfolded, as a single sheet, the entire circle of the constellations visible in the Northern Hemisphere are shown. An accompanying volume contains the same charts on separate pages, with explanatory matter, tables, etc.

It is a singular fact that the greatest of all Scandinavian authors is no more than a name to English readers, and is not even that to the vast majority of them. Ludvig Holberg was not only the creator of Danish literature, but he was one of the most illustrious of the world's writers for the comic stage, making up, with Molière and Goldoni, the great triad of modern comedy. He was, besides, philosopher, historian, and moralist, and altogether the embodiment of all the thought of his time to a degree in which Voltaire was perhaps his only rival. His comedies have never received any effective translation into English, for which reason we welcome the "Three Comedies by Ludvig Holberg" (Longmans), which Lieut.-Colonel H. W. L. Hume has just published. The translation is a poor one, and the selection is almost the last which we would have thought of making; but it is something to have any part of Holberg available in our language.

NOTES.

It is announced that the subject of Mr. Bernard Shaw's coming play will be the fable of Androcles and the Lion.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, the well-known musical critic, will publish through Messrs. Holt next autumn a novel entitled "The Soul of a Tenor."

Mr. Andrew Lang is now engaged upon a history of English literature, from the beginnings to Swinburne. Messrs. Longmans will publish the work next autumn.

Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard University is completing a new volume of essays entitled "The American Mind," which Houghton Mifflin Co. will publish next autumn.

Prince Kropotkin is revising a new edition of his powerful indictment of the English land question, "Fields, Factories and Workshops," which will appear, with many additions, in a few weeks.

The two concluding volumes of the late John Bigelow's "Retrospections of an Active Life," covering the period from 1866 to 1879, will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

"John Forster and his Friendships" is the title of a forthcoming book by Mr. R. Renton which is likely to present much new material concerning the famous biographer of Dickens, Goldsmith, Landor, and Sir John Eliot.

Mr. E. T. Cook, author of the recently-published Life of Ruskin and joint editor with Mr. Wedderburn of the monumental "Library Edition" of Ruskin's works, has been chosen to write the authorized biography of Florence Nightingale.

"Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt," by Professor James H. Breasted, is announced for early publication by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Among the immediately forthcoming importations of this house is a volume on "Social Insurance in Germany," by Mr. W. H. Dawson, author of "The Evolution of Modern Germany."

A new biography of William Morris by Mr. Arthur Compton Rickett is announced by Messrs. Dent. It will contain a good deal of unpublished matter, and promises to throw fresh light upon Morris, both as a man and as a poet. We note that Messrs. Longmans announce a new and cheaper edition of Mr. Mackail's authorized biography, which first appeared in 1899.

"The Correspondence of William Shirley," to be issued at once by the Macmillan Co., is the third in the series of letters of famous statesmen prominent in the colonial history of America issued under the auspices of the National Society of Colonial Dames, the previous publications being "The Correspondence of William Pitt" and "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee."

Among immediately forthcoming Dutton publications are the following: "Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins," edited by his son, Mr. L. C. Collins; "An Introduction to the History of Life Insurance," by Mr. A. Fingland Jack, M. Com.; "The Good Girl," a novel by Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan; and "The Roll-Call of Honour," a collection of inspiring biographies for younger readers by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch.

Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, the French writer and publicist, died in Paris on June 16. He was the author of a long list of books dealing with the social and political life both of his own country and of Russia. Among his best-known works are the following: "L'Antiprotestantisme," "Etudes russes et européennes," "Les Con-

grégations religieuses et l'expansion de la France," "Christianisme et Socialisme," and "Les Juifs et l'anti-semitisme." He was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and director of the Institute. Several of his books have appeared in English translation.

A full selection from Björnson's private correspondence, edited by Professor Halfdan Koht, a Norwegian writer well known as an authority on Ibsen, will before long be given to the public in probably three languages. The first volume, containing correspondence to the year 1871, is expected to come from the press simultaneously in Copenhagen and Berlin, in the autumn, while an English edition is also under consideration.

A third edition is now issued of that interesting and well-illustrated pamphlet, "The Work of the Cleveland Public Library with the Children." Prepared originally at the time of the convention of the National Educational Association in Cleveland, four years ago, it appeared in a second edition two years later. It contains thirty-two pages of descriptive matter, a map of Cleveland, with library districts and branches plainly indicated, and ten pages exhibiting the scheme of administration adopted by the library.

William Watson Goodwin, known to thousands of school and college graduates by reason of his widely-used "Greek Grammar," "Greek Moods and Tenses," and an excellent edition of Xenophon's "Anabasis," died June 15, at his home in Cambridge. He was born at Concord, Mass., May 9, 1831. After taking his bachelor's degree at Harvard in 1851, he studied at three German universities, travelled in Italy and Greece, and served four years as tutor in the college that had given him his academic training, and was then, in 1860, appointed to the Greek chair which he held until his resignation in 1901, when he professed to have "taught himself out." That he was no mere grammarian is proved by the fact that he was the first Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and that his lectures at Harvard concerned themselves with broader interests than the niceties of the Greek tongue. His published version of Plutarch's "Morals" also shows him to have been something more than a gerund-grinder. In short, he was a fine example and exponent of academic culture at its best.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

July, 1912.

Aborigine, The Last. A. L. Kroeber . . *World's Work.*
Actors, Educating. David Belasco . . . *World's Work.*
American Impressions—IV. Arnold Bennett . *Harper.*
Arabian Nights, Coming of the—II. Ameen Rihani . . . . . *Bookman.*
Arctic Mountaineering by a Woman. Dora Keen. *Scribner.*
Baseball, Business Side of. Edward M. Woolley. *McClure.*
Bench, "Big Business" and the. C. P. Connolly. *Everybody's.*
"Big Business" and the Citizen—II. Holland Thompson . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Caricatures, Living. Ellwood Hendrick . . . *Atlantic.*
Caveman as Artist, The. George G. MacCurdy . *Century.*
Columbia, Dramatic Museum at. D. H. Miles. *Rev. of Revs.*
Competition, The New—III. A. J. Eddy. *World's Work.*
Confederacy, Sunset of the—V. Morris Schaff . *Atlantic.*
Constitution, The, and Its Makers. H. C. Lodge. *No. Amer.*
Cuba and the Cuban Question. Sydney Brooks. *No. Amer.*
Danish Heath, Children of the. Jacob A. Riis . *Century.*
Dewey, Admiral, Autobiography of . . . . . *Hearst's.*
Dinner Pail, The "Full." F. I. Anderson . *Everybody's.*
Direct-Primary Experiment, The. Evans Woollen. *Atlantic.*
Divorce versus Democracy. G. K. Chesterton . *Hearst's.*
Efficiency, Æsthetic Value of. Ethel P. Howes. *Atlantic.*
Fagan, James O., Autobiography of . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Faith, The Age of. Robert K. Root . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Fez, Within the Walls of. Sydney Adamson . . *Harper.*
Fools, A Scientific Study of. Edwin T. Brewster. *McClure.*
French Bourgeois Family, Standards of a. Elizabeth S. Sergeant . . . . . *Scribner.*
Garden Cities of England, The. F. C. Howe . . *Scribner.*
Gardens and Gardens. H. G. Dwight . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Germany as a Sea Power. W. H. Beehler . . . *Century.*
Gettysburg. Mary Johnston . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Glasgow and New York City: A Contrast. Frank I. Cohen . . . . . *Hearst's.*
Government and the Corporations. F. L. Stetson. *Atlantic.*
Gutter-Babies. Dorothea Slade . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Hichens, Robert. Frederic T. Cooper . . . . . *Bookman.*
Howard, Arthur—His Own Story . . . . . *McClure.*
India's Social Advance, Woman's Part in. Basanta K. Roy . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Judicial Decisions, Recall of. K. T. Frederick . *Atlantic.*
Knox Mission to Central America, With the—II. W. B. Hale . . . . . *World's Work.*
Korea, Japan's Task in. David Starr Jordan. *Rev. of Revs.*
Maidstone, A Woman of. Robert Shackleton . *Scribner.*
Methodist Bishops, The New. F. C. Iglehart. *Rev. of Revs.*
Milholland, Inez—The Spokesman for Suffrage in America . . . . . *McClure.*
Militia, The, not a National Force. W. H. Carter. *No. Amer.*
Mission Pageant, The, at San Gabriel. W. H. Wright . . . . . *Bookman.*
Monastery, In a. Louise C. Willcox . . *North American.*
Morse, Samuel, Letters of—1812. E. L. Morse. *No. Amer.*
Mountaineering by Motor. Arthur Train . . *Everybody's.*
Museum, The, and the Teaching of Art in the Public Schools. Kenyon Cox . . . . . *Scribner.*
Naval War College, The. A. T. Mahan . *North American.*
New York, Picturesque. F. Hopkinson Smith. *World's Work.*
Nicaragua, Our Mission in. Charles A. Conant. *No. Amer.*
Ohio, Making a New Constitution for. Henry W. Elson . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Olympic Idea, The. William M. Sloane . . . . *Century.*
Pacific Coast Suburb, A New. Elmer Grey . . *Scribner.*
Panama, What the West Expects from. Agnes C. Laut . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Parrish, Maxfield: A Master of Make-Believe. Christian Brinton . . . . . *Century.*
Pommerais Affair, The. Marie B. Lowndes . . *McClure.*
Postal Savings Banks. Frank P. Stockbridge *World's Work.*
Presidential Press Bureaus. George K. Turner . *McClure.*
Public School, Dilemma of the. R. W. Bruère . *Harper.*
Russian Fiction, Recent. W. D. H. and T. S. P. *No. Amer.*
St. Francis, Life of—III. Maurice F. Egan . . *Century.*
Santa Fé Railroad, Work of the. Henry Oyen. *World's Work.*
Sea, Safety at. Charles D. Sigsbee . . . . . *Century.*
Social-ism, Social Justice and. George Harvey. *No. Amer.*
Socialism in England. Samuel P. Orth . *World's Work.*
Standard Oil Letters, New, and Their Lessons . *Hearst's.*
Sunday Evening Club, The, of Chicago. Jacob Riis . . . . . *World's Work.*
Syndicalism. Louis Levine . . . . . *North American.*
Tariff Board, Need of a. A. G. Robinson . *Rev. of Revs.*
Taste, The Crisis in. Wilbur M. Urban . . . *Atlantic.*
Towns, Model, in America. Grosvenor Atterbury. *Scribner.*
Trees, Big, Secret of the. Ellsworth Huntington. *Harper.*
Twain, Mark—IX. Albert Bigelow Paine . . *Harper.*
Unity Church, Montclair, N. J. Mary and Lewis Theiss . . . . . *World's Work.*
Valladolid, The Variety of. W. D. Howells . . *Harper.*
Woman—The New and the Old. Guglielmo Ferrero. *Hearst's.*
Woman, The New, of China and Japan. Adachi Kinnosuke . . . . . *Review of Reviews.*
Women in Industry. Earl Barnes . . . . . *Atlantic.*
Wood Engraver, Passing of the. William A. Bradley . . . . . *Bookman.*
Yuan Shi Kai, An Acquaintance with. H. N. Allen . . . . . *North American.*

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 82 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. Translated by Mary Prichard-Agnetti, from documents collected and edited by Thomas Palamenghi Crispi. Volumes I. and II., with portraits, 8vo. George H. Doran Co. $7. net.

The Life of Nietzsche. By Frau Foerster-Nietzsche; translated from the German by Anthony M. Ludovici. Volume I., The Young Nietzsche. Illustrated, 8vo, 399 pages. Sturgis & Walton Co. $4. net.

The Life, Lectures, and Essays of William Robertson Smith. By John Sutherland and George Chrystal. In 2 volumes, illustrated, 8vo. Macmillan Co. $8. net.

The World's Leading Poets: Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe. By H. W. Boynton. Illustrated, 8vo, 346 pages. "The World's Leaders." Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

The World's Leading Painters: Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. By George B. Rose. Illustrated, 8vo, 371 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.

Charles Dickens: The Man and His Work. By Edwin Percy Whipple; with Introduction by Arlo Bates. In 2 volumes, 16mo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50 net.

Christopher Columbus and the New World of His Discovery. By Filson Young. Third edition; illustrated in color, etc., 8vo, 464 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

HISTORY.

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